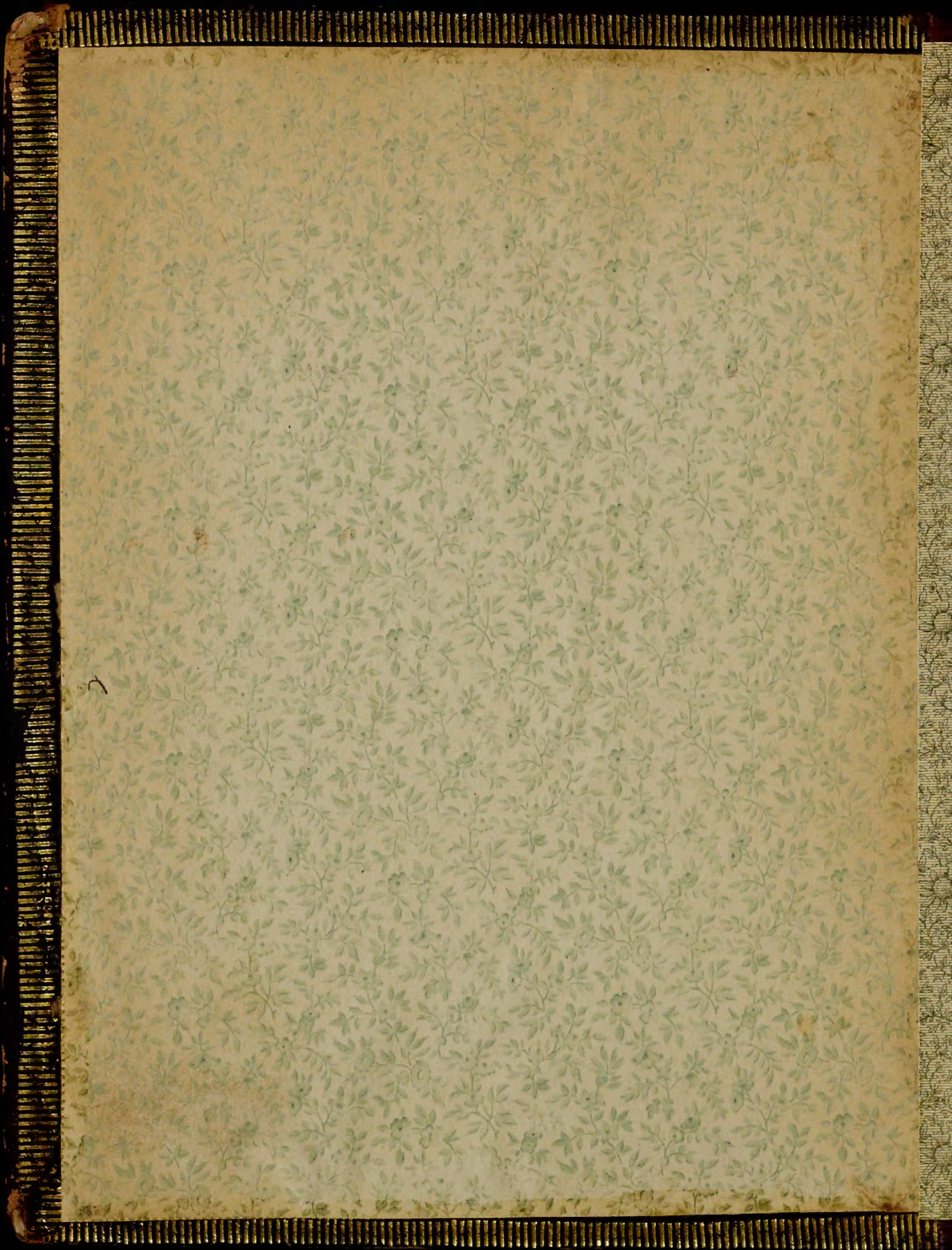
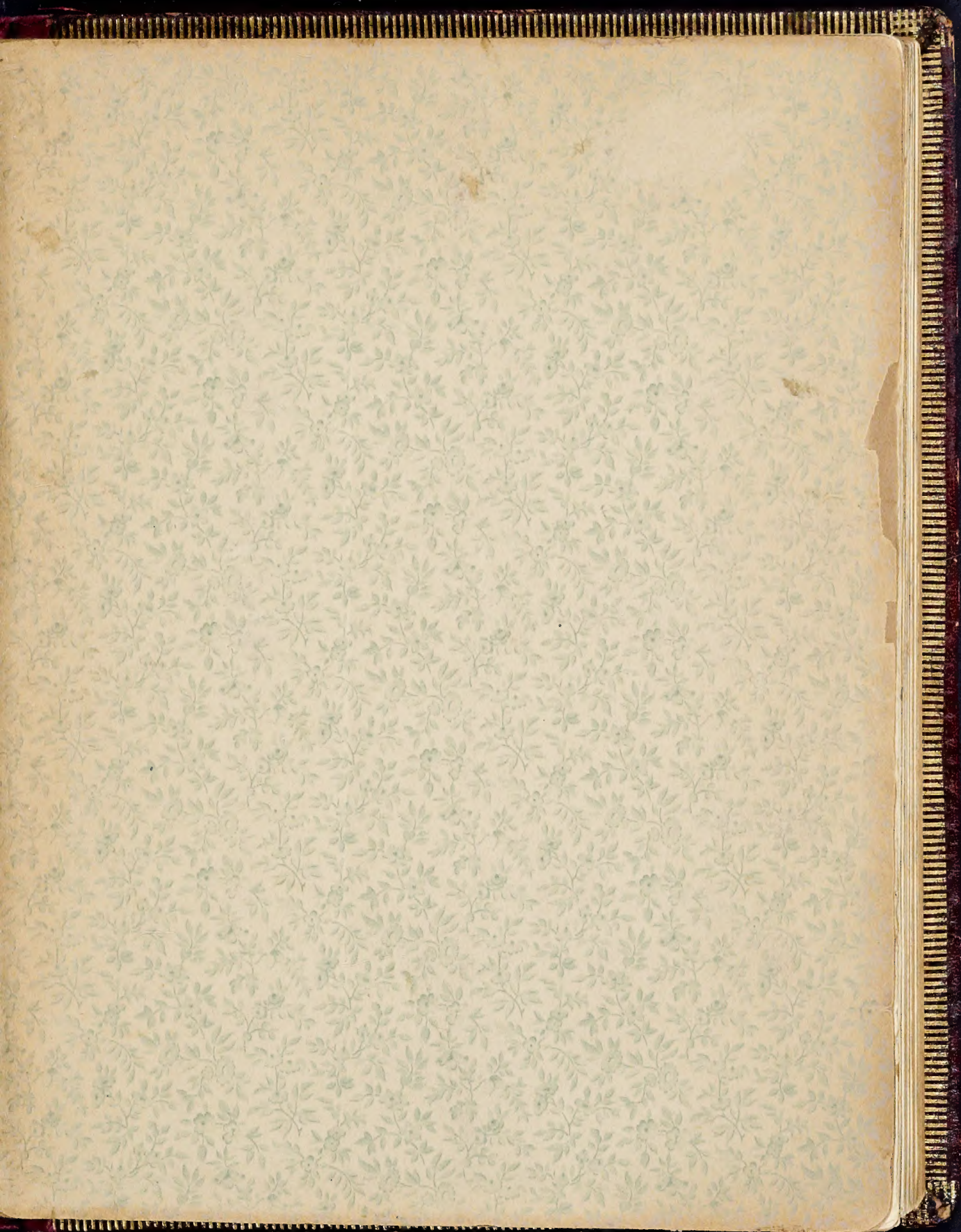
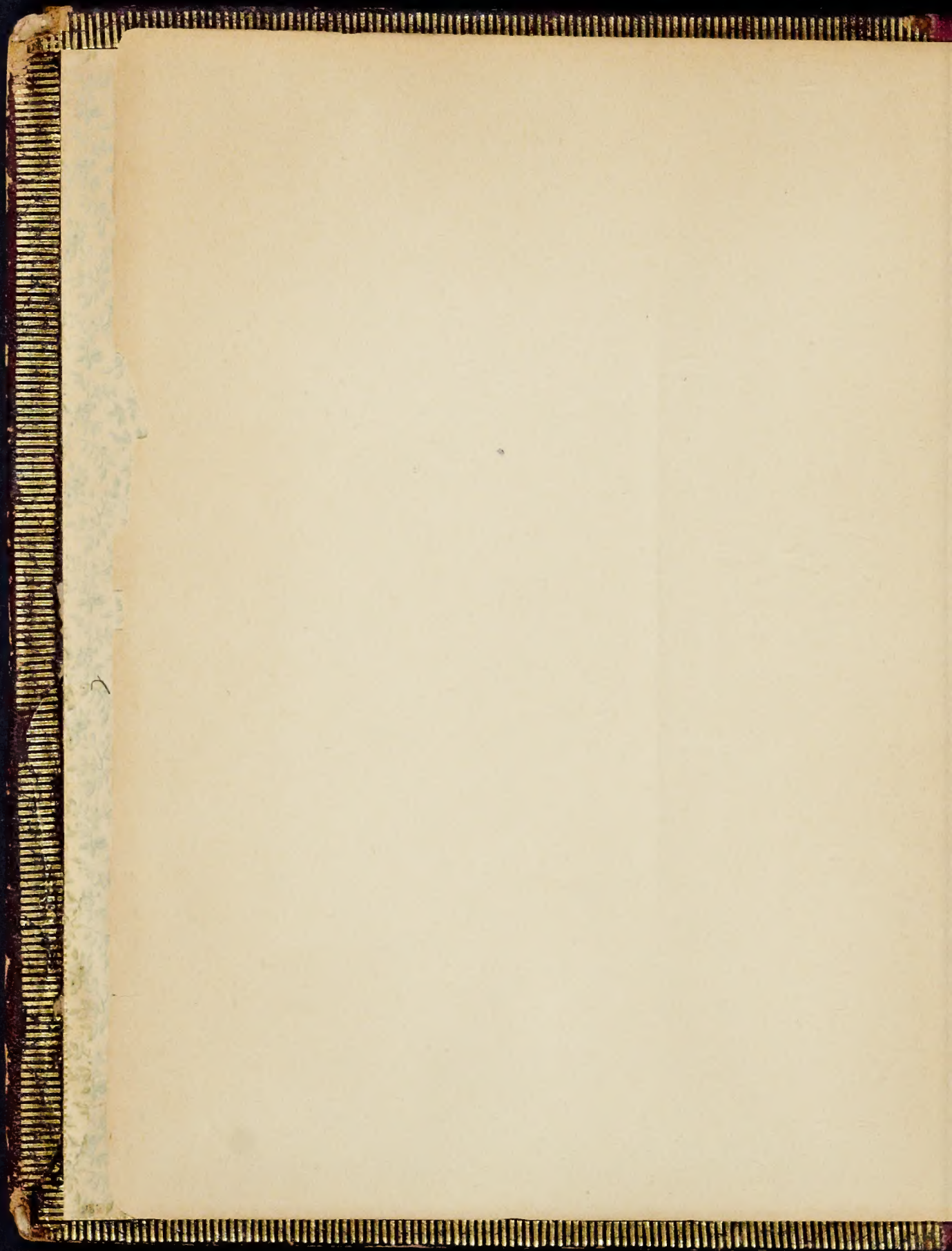


*Wheel Tracks in
Foreign Lands.*

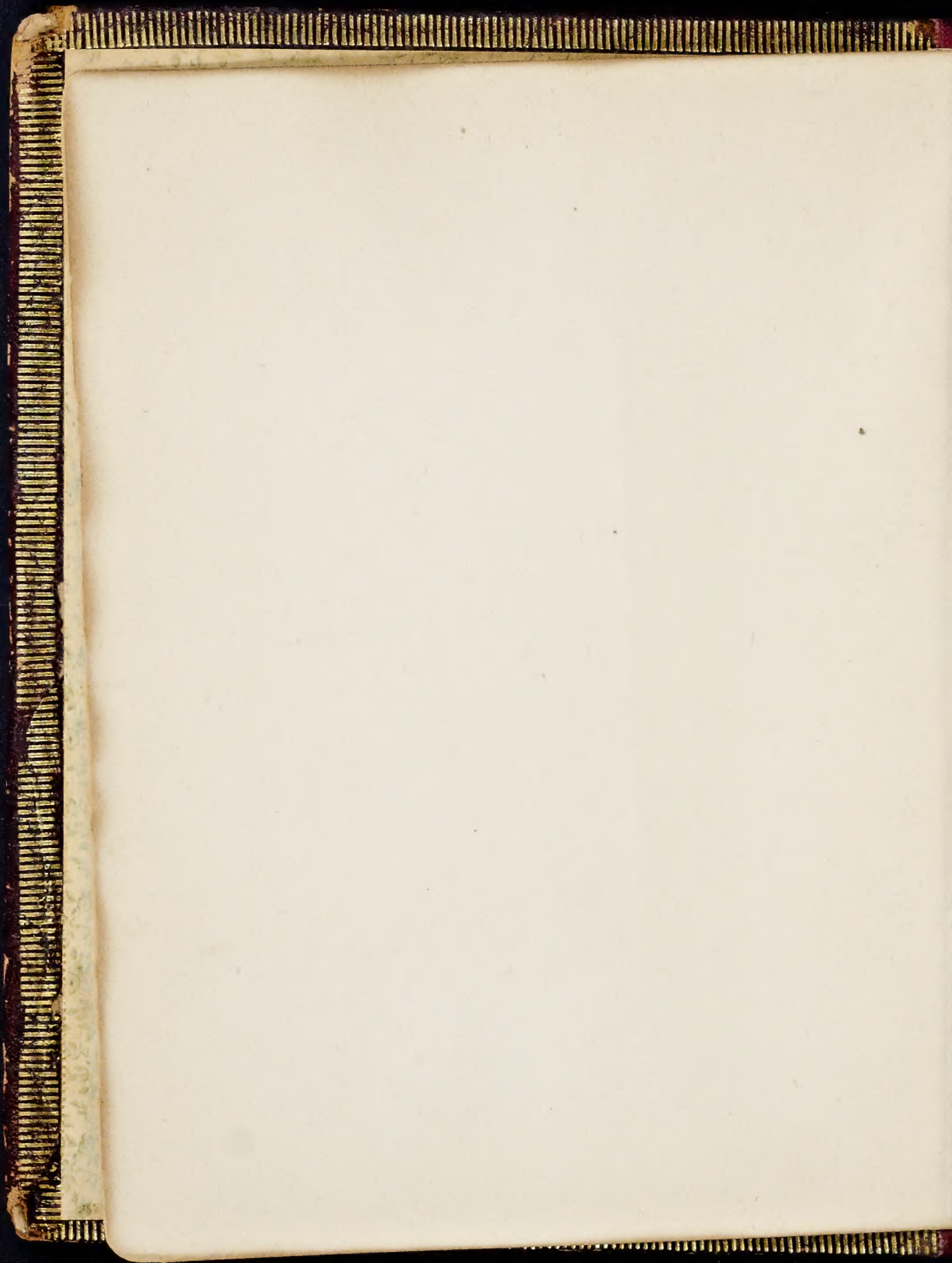


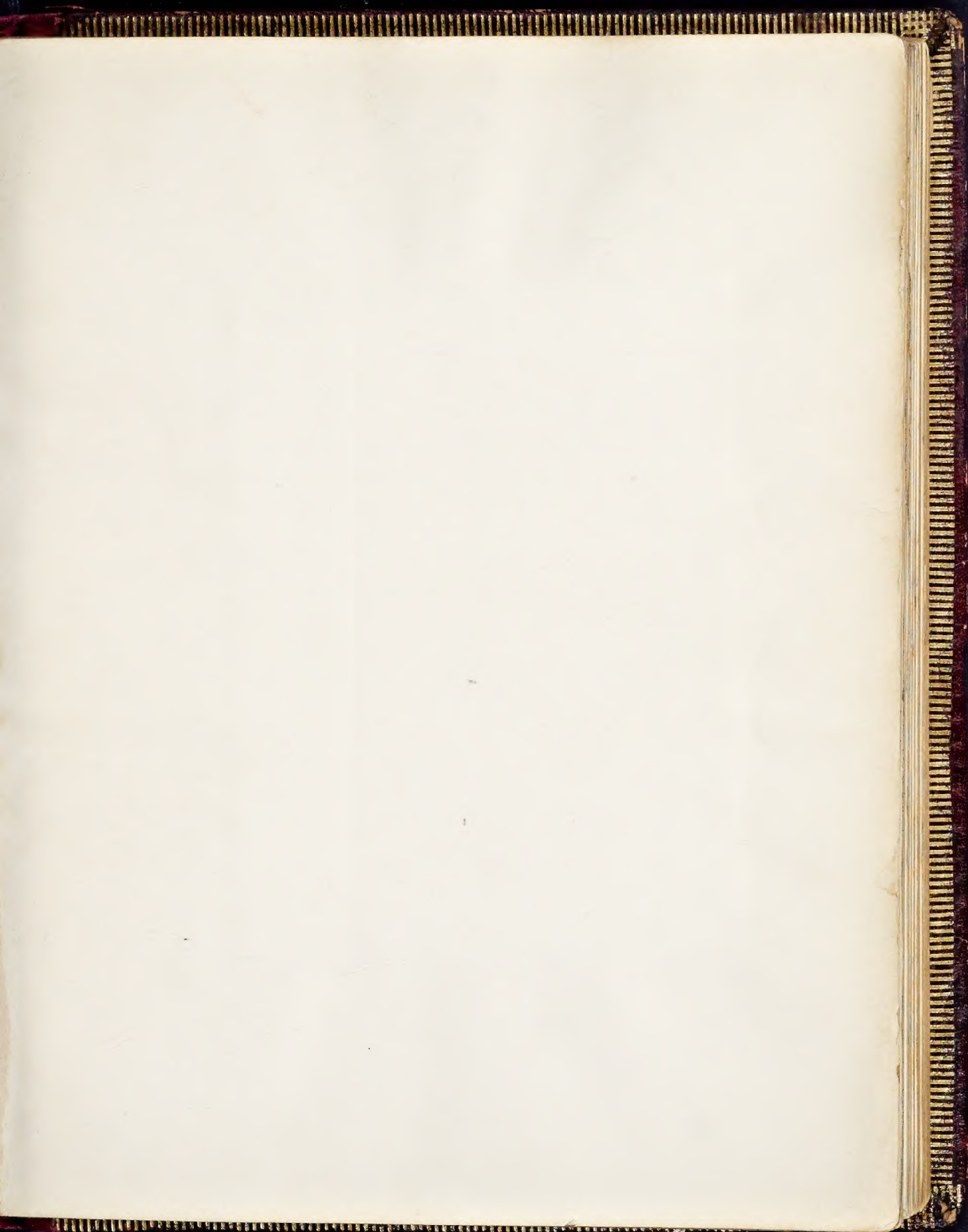




Miss Maude M. Fells

With the Author's Compliments







WHEEL TRACKS

IN

FOREIGN LANDS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CYCLING TOUR THROUGH EUROPE
DURING THE SUMMER OF 1890.

BY

JAMES E. WILKINSON.

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HANZSCHE & CO.,
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
BALTIMORE, MD.
1891.

TO THE LAST TO WISH US GOD SPEED

AND

FIRST TO WELCOME US HOME,

OUR MOTHERS,

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



PREFACE.

At a dinner given by Mr. HARRY HIGGINS in London, it was my good fortune to be selected as historian of our party with Mr. MARRIOTT C. MORRIS, of Germantown, Phila., as assistant, and the little narrative descriptive of what we saw and what we did while touring awheel in Europe is the result of my endeavor to do my best with the obligation I assumed then. It will be seen that very little regard has been paid to length of chapters in this; the whole having been huddled together somewhat heterogeneously at odd moments out of a busy life, with no effort at literary effect, but rather to chronicle the events briefly, as nearly as I could remember them.

I first want to thank my co-worker, Mr. MORRIS, whose careful revisions, alterations, and many additions to the original manuscript entitle him to a large share of the credit, if any is to come, as a result of the work; also MESSRS. HOBBS, PAISTE and MORRIS for the loan of negatives, used to illustrate it, and last to thank the entire party for their indulgence for so long a time. I want to apologize also to the boys for the many reminders of "roasts" contained in our little work, and to express the hope that they will be received in the same spirit as they were in Europe.

Now that the work is finished, my only wish is that it may contribute the same measure of pleasure and enjoyment to its readers, as it has to its

AUTHOR.



Wheel Tracks in Foreign Lands.



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Wheel Tracks in Foreign Lands.

I.

I wonder if there was ever a happier party than the group of American Wheelmen, who sailed from New York on the 7th day of June, 1890. It is needless to put the names of the enthusiasts of our party in this little book, for all were equally so, but for the amusement of our friends, who will probably have interest enough in the book to read it, I am going to tell you something about them.

The party that sailed from New York was composed of twenty of the best fellows that ever left America, and if there ever was a congenial crowd started off together on a tour anywhere, we were that party. I can safely say, that in our long association of three months, there was never between us all one harsh word, nor were the feelings of any in the party hurt by anyone else, and when it is considered that we

were strangers from all parts of the country, with all kinds of feelings and opinions,—only meeting for the first time on “La Burgogne,”—truly this is a record that we should be proud of.

Charley Atwood and Charley Tyler, from Providence, were christened “The Twins,” on the first day out. They were the most congenial fellows it has ever been my good fortune to be associated with.

Then there was George Inglis Black, from Erie, Pa., a good fellow and the most graceful rider in the party.

Then came Tommy Brinsmade, who was with the party last year, with whom I had the good fortune to room on the entire trip, and who is a “bully boy” and a record rider; his only disappointment was when Lucas would get in ahead of him.

Then there was Walter W. Dudley,—little sawed-off “Dud,”—a good fellow, a good rider, and as tough as a pine knot.

Then came the two Duers, John and Jim, from Illinois, good boys, that bought a dog, and wished they had not.

Going down the list next comes Frank A. Elwell,—“Papa,”—from Portland, to whose fertile brain and masterly enterprise this trip was due, and whose name shall never be forgotten, not only by this party, but by every wheelman in America who has had the pleasure of going on a trip with him.

Then came *the boy*, Sherwood Hard, of New York, whose only failings were that he would eat too much cake and get sick, and his happy faculty of falling in love with every girl he saw, and wishing like Alexander, "there were more girls to conquer." Hard was a good boy, never gave us much trouble, but would not introduce us to his girls.

Now if there was ever a prince of good fellows, a popular favorite and a chap whose memory shall always be cherished by us, that chap is Harry Higgins, who so successfully piloted us over the highways and by-ways of Europe; he was always up with the leaders, fought hotel proprietors daily, and our crowd say fell in love with—but let that pass.

Then came Charles Rollin Hobbs, from Illinois, and Edgar Floyd—Jones, from Missouri, we all remember them; we all remember Jones' birth-day at Dijon, and I am sure I repeat the sentiments of the entire party when I say they were "bully boys."

Then came the representative from the wild and wooly West, Bert Lucas from Oregon. Now Lucas was a good fellow and a swift rider, always up with winners.

Then comes Marriott Morris, of Philadelphia, the man who started out with a trunk on the front of his wheel, a well-appointed, well-selected library of guide books, etc. on the rear, and a camera slung across his

shoulders. Thirty-five pounds of baggage! With all of which he pushed through Europe in spite of the prophecies of some of us that he wouldn't.

Then comes Paiste and Parker,—the two "P's,"—from Pennsylvania. Paiste had so many friends at home to buy for, and nobody knows how happy he was in remembering them. He nearly bought the whole country; and he had his appetite with him. Parker was a splendid fellow, but had the great misfortune to lose his father, and was compelled to leave us early in the game.

I don't want to give too much taffy, for fear that the general public who peruse this might say that it was a mutual admiration society, but the memories of the delights of the trip flit before me as I write, so vast and so pleasantly, that I can write of nothing else.

Then came Charley Pelton,—“Adonis,”—from New York state, the handsome man of the party. “I *like* you, but you *roast me*.”

Next was Jimmy Quinn,—“Baron Munchausen,”—from Albany; comment is unnecessary.

Then was Papa Robson, from Massachusetts, the umpire, the only umpire on record that has ever umpired a game of base ball without a kick; there is a record for you!

Last of all in the list of the party, is your humble servant, a man who is trying to describe in his poor

way the beauties and pleasantries of the trip, and if this little book serves to please and amuse the life-long friends which he made during the past summer, he will feel that it will not be "Love's Labor Lost."

In a very short time we became acquainted, as only wheelmen can become acquainted; after twenty-four hours on the boat, we were fast friends. It is astonishing how soon wheelmen become acquainted after once meeting. It seems as though there is a kind of free-masonry existing among the devotees of the steel steed, that makes us all soon have a sort of indescribable brotherly affection for one another.

On the second day out, while we were delayed in mid-ocean, because of a break in the ship's machinery, and every day thereafter we "cuddled;" the twenty of us boys got together in an open space in the bow of the boat, like so many logs of wood and lay there, somebody's feet over somebody's head, and somebody's head across somebody else's body, all in a lump sunning ourselves, and singing "Down Went McGinty," while others on the boat seemed to fear that everybody was going where McGinty went, unless the damage to the machinery was soon repaired. Our trip over was full of events of interest to us, and will be pleasantly remembered; but in a little book like this, it would be impossible to enumerate them. It is enough to say, however, that "Dud" was the only man that got sick,

and Hard was the only one that fell in love, but I draw the line here. Among our fellow-passengers was Nat. Goodwin, the comedian, who became so enthused with our trip, that he promised to go with the boys next year. It was our earnest wish that he would become an enthusiastic wheelman, as a spirit like his in a party, would tend to make many happy days.

The week at sea soon passed, and when the shores of sunny France were sighted, how happy we were. On our arrival at Havre, we were met by Arthur G. Collins, "Pedals," of last year's party, who is studying art at Paris, and who accompanied us as far as Geneva. And right here at the outset, in the name of the entire party, I want to thank him for the many favors shown us, and for extricating us from the many difficulties which he so kindly did, when we could not "*parley vous*." Paiste also was on the dock to meet us here, and with that free-masonry of the wheel, he was soon admitted into our friendship. After dinner on June 16th, at the Hotel Frascati, at Havre, the afternoon was consumed in getting our wheels in condition for the grand ride on the morrow, and then we went out to see the sights of the town.

It is not my purpose to go into any dissertation on the sights in the European cities, but merely as far as my memory and notes go, to give some instances of our trip.

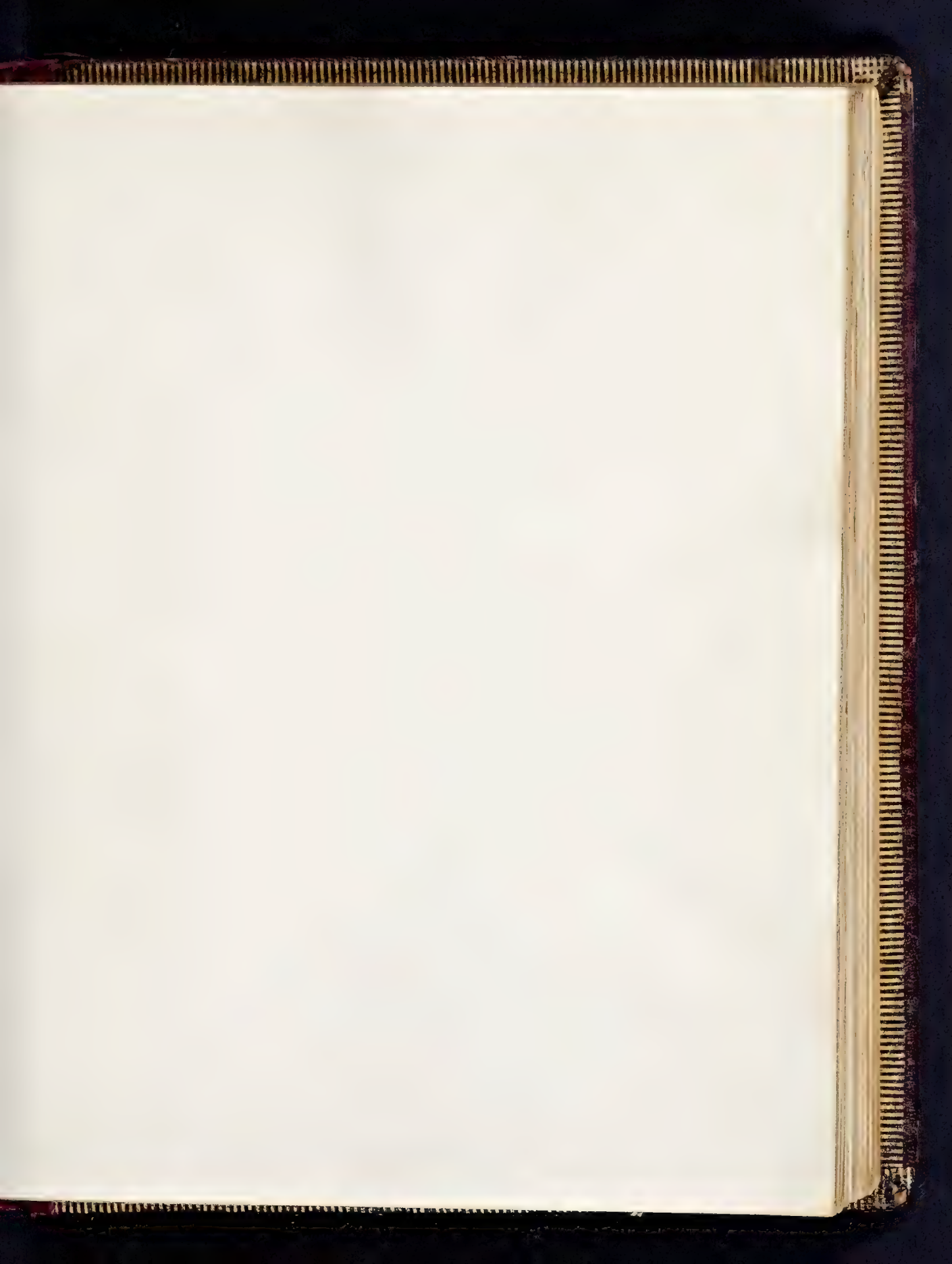
Everything seemed old and worn at Havre, as indeed we found it all over Europe; this made a strong impression on us Americans, as we drew the comparison with our own new and modern land. The late afternoon and evening was spent in seeing the sights of this our first-visited city of the old world. Here we climbed a long hill on the side of the city, where we had a grand view of old ocean, and enjoyed a coast down, that only prepared us for the morrow.

The next morning everybody was up early, anxious to start off on the long fifteen hundred mile ride. How bright and cheerful we all were, and it is with pleasure I state, that that brightness and cheerfulness was never marred during the long trip, until the party reached London, the night of the breaking up at the "Holborn," when it seemed here that friendships were to be severed, never to be united again, and a sort of happy sadness pervaded the entire party.

About ten o'clock in the morning we left Havre on our long ride. Before we started off the American Consul visited us, and bade us God speed. A ride of two miles over the boulevards, brought us out of the city on the high road to Paris. On the streets we saw side-walk markets, where men and women were selling all sorts of things. The road was grand after leaving Havre, and we merrily ascended for several miles, and then the country was fairly level to St. Romain, which

is thirteen and a-half miles; the fields beautiful with waving grain and clover, red and white; scattered through were bright scarlet poppies, which made a most beautiful picture. At St. Romain a horse fair was in progress, a realization of Rosa Bonheur's celebrated picture. And when we saw the great Norman Percherons here, it is easy to realize how any lover of animals would desire to perpetuate them on canvas. On, along this beautiful road, smooth as a floor, we neared Lillebonne, an old French town, where we had dinner, and visited an ancient Roman amphitheatre, a relic of the times of Cæsar, only excavated in 1828, and which is the attraction of the town. We lingered in the ruins that had been here so many centuries, thinking of how different it all was now from then, when Cæsar and his legions had scattered such devastation over that country, while making a name that will last for all time.

Our stopping for the night was at Caudebec on the Seine, the most curious and quaint place we visited, with narrow streets and queer gabled houses. Here we arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon, having done about thirty miles, this our first day out. A party as big as ours was a rarity in this little village, and the hotel could not accommodate us all, some of the boys being compelled to go into private houses, an odd experience for them. In the morning when Johnny





Duer reported for breakfast, he said that the bed in his room was so small that he had to sleep with his feet out of the window in the rain. We entertained the populace in Caudebec by throwing sous for the children to scramble for, until this was broken up by an old woman with a club, who by some accident had one pitched close to her, and the children all jumped around her feet, nearly upsetting her. We did not understand her language, but have no doubt it was forcible in the extreme.

The following morning we left for Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy, where we arrived about mid-day, having followed the winding Seine most of the distance and spent the afternoon and evening seeing the sights. This was the first cathedral town we had visited, and of course all hands were anxious to see the celebrated cathedral, with its "Tour de Beurre," or in other words, "butter tower," which was built from money received for the granting of indulgencies to the church people to eat butter during Lent. We visited the cathedral, went on top of its lofty open-work tower of iron and got a full view of the beauties of the town.

In this old city Jeanne d'Arc was burned at the stake in 1431. We saw the spot, where now stands a statue to her memory. Not far off is a curious round tower with a pointed roof; here the maid was tried and condemned by the English, her captors.

Next morning we were off, bright and early, for Vernon, an old French garrison town, thirty-four miles away. Here we started, after *table d'hôte*, a game of genuine American base ball, which we played with a rubber ball, and had a broom-stick for a bat. The whole population was attracted to the place and a military band concert had to be given up for lack of hearers. Harry Higgins would insist upon smashing the ball to pieces every time he came to the bat, and the writer unfortunately broke up the game, by knocking the last available ball through a transom. The night was spent by amusing the populace with college songs and fireworks, and in return they sang the Marseillaise. Next day, after sending an account of the ball game to the *Paris New York Herald*, we were off for Mantes, which is fifteen miles distant, where we had our dinner, and where Tommy Brinsmade insulted the landlord by taking two pieces of fish and leaving somebody else without any. There were several dogs loose in Mantes, you know what that means! In the afternoon we rode eighteen miles further, which brought us to St. Germain, on the outskirts of Paris; this was formerly the royal country home, the palace now serving for a museum. Here we got our first view of the Eifel tower. Early the next morning we were off for Paris, *the City of the World*.

Paris. There is but one Paris. There may be imitations, but there can only be one original. The week passed in Paris speedily. Able writers have discussed its beauties so often, that it would be egotism for me to write anything about it, but as I sat in my room at the Continental Hotel, where we were lodged, I felt almost inspired. The days were fast spent in visiting the Louvre, the Luxemburg, the tomb of Napoleon and the July Column on the old Bastille site, the Arc de Triomphe, Notre Dame Cathedral, the Morgue, all of the sights for which Paris is so famous, and the nights—well, we will draw the veil. Everybody comes to Paris, everybody sees something of it, and everybody goes away and tells about it. We all have memories, and we can all tell better ourselves, than leaving it to me to put in a book.

One day was spent at Versailles, where we rambled through the vastness of its palace, so replete with memories of French history, and with so many wonderful paintings and sculptures to interest. Indeed books have been written on this palace alone, and it would take too much time and space to attempt to do it justice, but in one of its chambers, the Gallery of Battles, containing paintings of famous victories from Charlemagne to Napoleon, we found one to greatly interest Americans. A picture of the surrender at Yorktown, by Couder, and safe is it to say in front of this picture,

English can be spoken without fear of not being understood. Not alone was the palace visited. We walked about the grounds, ornamented with immense fountains, and strolled through avenues of tall trees, trimmed with severe symmetry to their tops; visited too the Grand Trianon and Little Trianon, around which cluster so many memories of the brilliant French Courts. Gone are all the splendors of those times a hundred years ago, and the palace and grounds belong to the people, in this day of Liberty.

On the twenty-eighth of June, we left Paris, all glad to get out on the road once more, feeling that we had done Paris, and knowing that Paris had done us. The forenoon ride was to Melun, a distance of thirty miles, the town where Jeanne d'Arc spent her youth, and where one of the two base balls purchased in Paris was lost, and the game broken up because of the ball going into a sewer. After dinner a ride of twelve miles more brought us to Fontainebleau, and the day was spent visiting the wonders of the place. When one goes through the palaces of the old world, and sees the splendor of art in these temples, sees the wonderful buildings, and then views the poverty of the people, one finds excuse for revolution, emigration, war, or any of the evils governments are heir to, and can readily understand how the over-burdened people will rise in their might, and crush out the insolence of royalty.





O, how we cherished being born in a free country, where every man is equal; and as we looked upon the stars and stripes, we felt "There is no place like home."

The afternoon was spent in a real game of base ball, the East vs. the West. Hard was the pitcher and was knocked out of the box; Elwell went to the bat and instead of hitting the ball the ball hit him, and he retired from the game. His warning, "Hard don't you hit me," will always be remembered; Harry Higgins spent the afternoon making home runs, and poor Hobbs spent the afternoon in running after the ball; Jones played third base like a veteran, and Tommy Brinsmade kicked with a vigor that would have done credit to Anson or Comiskey. Mr. Robson umpired the game in a way that would have made John Kelly turn green with envy. When the East knocked the cover off the ball and the West were not in the game, we adjourned to the hotel and paid our bets like men. The East drank champagne and the West paid for it. Hard ate too much cake and was sick again and we had to leave him at Fountainebleu, with Collins to take care of him, but they joined us in a couple of days at Dijon. Next day was rainy, and several of us started to train it to Sens, our next stop, but a large majority of the veterans said they would ride the wheel, rain or shine; they rode; at least they started. Some of the boys passed Rosa

Bonheur's home, in the forest of Fontainebleau, and declare they saw her at the window. All along the way we picked up the droppers by the way-side at the different stations along the road, and the yells we gave as the train stopped at the stations were a caution. Higgins, Elwell, Jones and Hobbs, the tough four, plugged it through in the rain and wind and they deserve all the glory they got and twice more. Tommy Brinsmade, the Twins and myself got glory without deserving it—they said we had sense; we rode in the cars. That ride of forty-seven miles in the rain was the worst ride of the trip, and the men who accomplished it deserve to go down to posterity as heroes.

At the hotel in Sens were two attractions. The first, electric lights in the rooms, and the second, and by all means the best, the landlord's pretty daughter, who spoke English with a charming accent. Imagine our fellings, after an extended conversation, rapidly falling in love all the time, to learn she was married. All the visions of taking a charming little French girl to America vanished like the morning mist on the mountains we were passing through.

Next day we started for Tonnerre, but the headwind was so strong that the majority trained it again, after a hard push along the Yonne River to Joigny, nineteen miles. We were delayed at Tonnerre a day on account of the rain, and our adventures there would

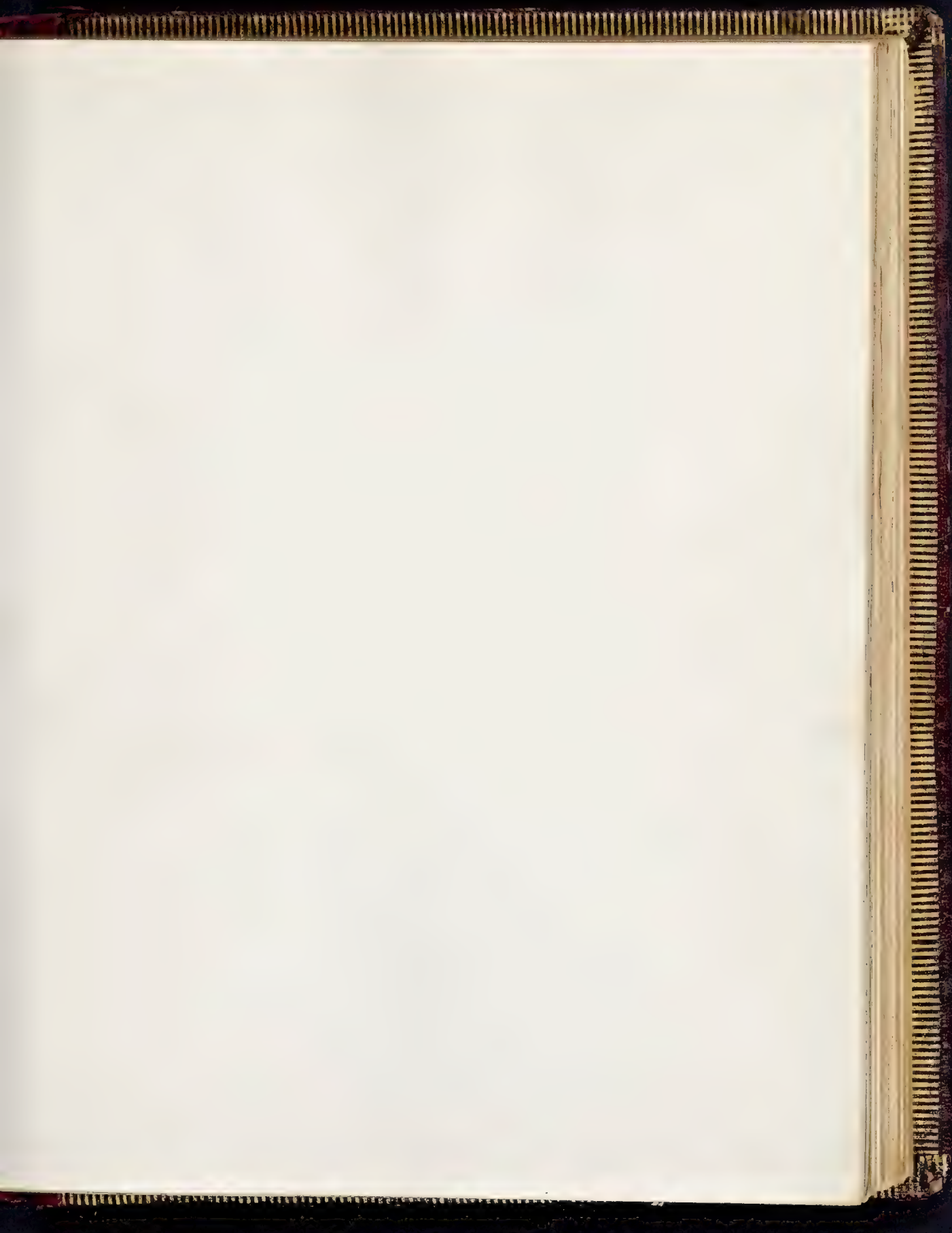
be enough to fill this book if I had time and space; but one little incident will serve. It was a Fair Day and we started out to go through the market in the narrow, hilly streets of the little town. We saw old women with their high caps and their large white aprons, their sweet, pretty, old faces smiling at us, as if to persuade us to purchase their wares. The fruit in France was the finest we had ever seen, and when it is told that strawberries as large as an egg, and cherries the size of a walnut, are to be had for almost a song, then this can be realized. Tommy looked at one of the old women and remarked: "You dear, old, sweet woman, she would no more cheat you than fly; she would rather give you a dollar than take a penny, I am going to buy some cherries from her." He bought them, and was told afterwards that he had paid four times as much as any native would have paid her. "The old hag has roasted me," Brinsmade was heard to remark. We ate his cherries and gave him the laugh. That night in Tonnerre we spent at a concert, and not being able to give a French word for it, one of us charged it in expenses "soiree."

On the second of July our ride was fifty-one miles to Dijon, the ancient capital of Burgundy, through the Vale of Suzon, and down a long coast into the city. On the road that day we struck rain again, and we jumped into a train to Dijon, where we were lodged

at the Hotel De La Cloche, the finest hotel we had been in during our trip, except in Paris. That evening Jones had his birthday, and for the first time on the trip the eloquence of the party was ventilated. We never realized how many speech-makers we had, and if all of that eloquence in praise of the good roads of France, could have been bottled and sent to America, nobody can tell the effect upon American roads.

The next morning was the Fourth of July, and we had to celebrate it all by ourselves, which we did in true American fashion with a game of base ball. In the afternoon we mounted the steel steeds again having decorated them gaily with flags and ribbons in honor of the day and started for Dole, another old French city, a distance of thirty miles, arriving there late in the evening, and at this town we had our first break in the party. Parker of Philadelphia, received the painful intelligence of the death of his father, and left us amid general regret at the loss of a good fellow, and the sympathy of the entire party was with him in his misfortune. It did seem strange that the man in the party, whose sad duty it was to inform Parker, received the same intelligence of his own father's sad death in a short time. This, our first trouble, cast a gloom over us all.

Next morning we started for Poligny, fifteen miles, at the base of the Jura mountains, where we arrived



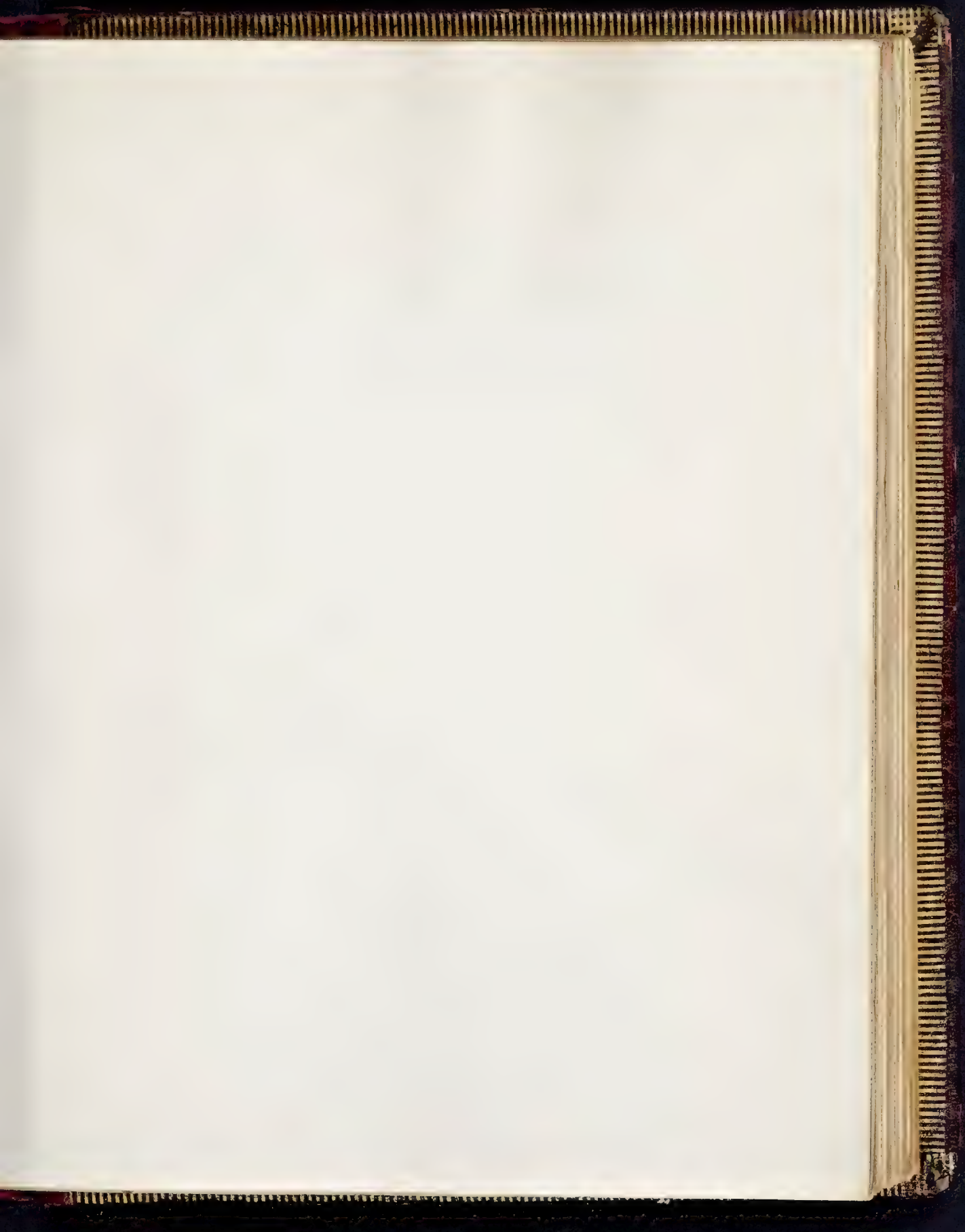


about noon, here it was, after dinner, that the writer furnished amusement for the party. Now if there is anything that I am proud of, it is my knowledge of the German language. I had been promising the boys during the trip, what I would do when we struck Germany; how I would interpret for them; how I would get them out of trouble. At Poligny the boys discovered a man who said he spoke German; I was called for a ten minutes' talk, in which I rung in every word of my German vocabulary. He looked at me with a wondering expression, and said, "*oui, oui!*" "Great heavens!" I ejaculated, "*oui, oui!* Is this the man on whom I have been wasting the last ten minutes of my life, and all my German, only to receive *oui, oui!* in reply?"

We left Poligny at the base of the Juras, and walked up over the mountains, a distance of six miles, shoving our wheels ahead of us, ("Dud" and Black coasted up after an ox cart,) and looking anxiously forward for the coast on the other side. There is an old maxim "Wherever there is a will there is a way," we made it, "wherever there is a climb, there is a coast." We got that coast, daily, and this day the coast was to a place called Champignole, a distance of fourteen miles from Poligny, where we spent the night. Champignole was another of the ancient French towns, where the hotel was not big enough for the entire

party, and some of us lodged in private houses. At the hotel proper there were a number of French girls, who could not speak a word of English, but they were pretty, and some of the boys fell deeply in love, as usual. Now, Jones had acquired, I think, three words of French, and while the boys were amusing the populace with fire-works, intended for the Fourth of July, and which we had been unable to use on the night before on account of the rain, he was sitting on the porch with his girl and courted her with his entire vocabulary, his three words of French. The courting had to be done with eyes, and not with the mouth, as far as talking is concerned, but there are other ways to which the mouth can be put into service when a fellow is courting.

Early next morning we started off on a journey over the second range of the Juras and down into Morez, another village set in between the range of mountains, amidst most charming scenery, where we were lulled to sleep by the rushing of the mountain stream. It was a long climb from Champignole, and we hoped every hill would be the last. We were spurred on by Arthur Collins, who said he remembered every inch of the road, and insisted that every hill was the last, and then would come the coast. It got to be tiresome towards the end, and we paid no further attention to his predictions, but pulled and waited. O that coast; it





was down, down, down a beautiful ride on a beautiful day. Adonis ran over a dog, and Dudley nearly had a fight with the owner, but when a bicycle gets started down a long Swiss or French road with the brake off, it does not stop for dogs, men, bad roads or anything else, until it reaches rock bottom, and woe be to anything or anybody that is in the way! When we arrived at Morez the landlady of the hotel had the whole parlor table filled with apricots and cherries. It is needless to say that our hungry horde made short work of them. Smart woman, she evidently intended to appease our appetites with fruit, as it was cheaper than meat. She made a mistake; it only served to sharpen them. That evening was spent tossing pennies to the boys and girls of the town. One of the party, your humble servant, got down off his dignity, and started in the scramble with the crowd. How the pennies were pitched at the young ladies' feet! And how, forgetful of all dignity, we jumped in and grabbed—the pennies.

Next morning we took another long walk up over the Juras to Les Rousses, a French frontier fort, and stopped at an inn on the summit of the mountain, where we were glad to get in out of the wet, it having rained all the way up. In a few moments, however, the sun began to shine and we then went on for fifteen miles over a road, almost level, although running along the side of the highest of the Juras. From the tops of

them the view down the valley as well as the long winding stretches of road was beautiful. Pines and hemlocks clothed the mountain sides, and from far below the musical tinkle of cow bells was wafted up to our ears. At one place a fierce-looking herd of bovines disputed our passage and we had to get off and drive them from the road. In many places the grade seemed to be up, but when we came to them, we were surprised to find it level, or could not tell whether it was up hill or down, so perfectly are these roads graded. It was a common thing for us to coast on what seemed an up slope. Another strange thing was to see water apparently running up hill, when we were following up the course of some stream, the grade of the road, of course, causing the deception. This most curious phenomenon we were prepared for, however, having been told of it by the management and some members of last year's party.

At La Faucille we were four thousand three hundred and thirty-three feet above the sea, it being the highest carriage-pass in the Juras, and at this point we got our first view of the Alps.

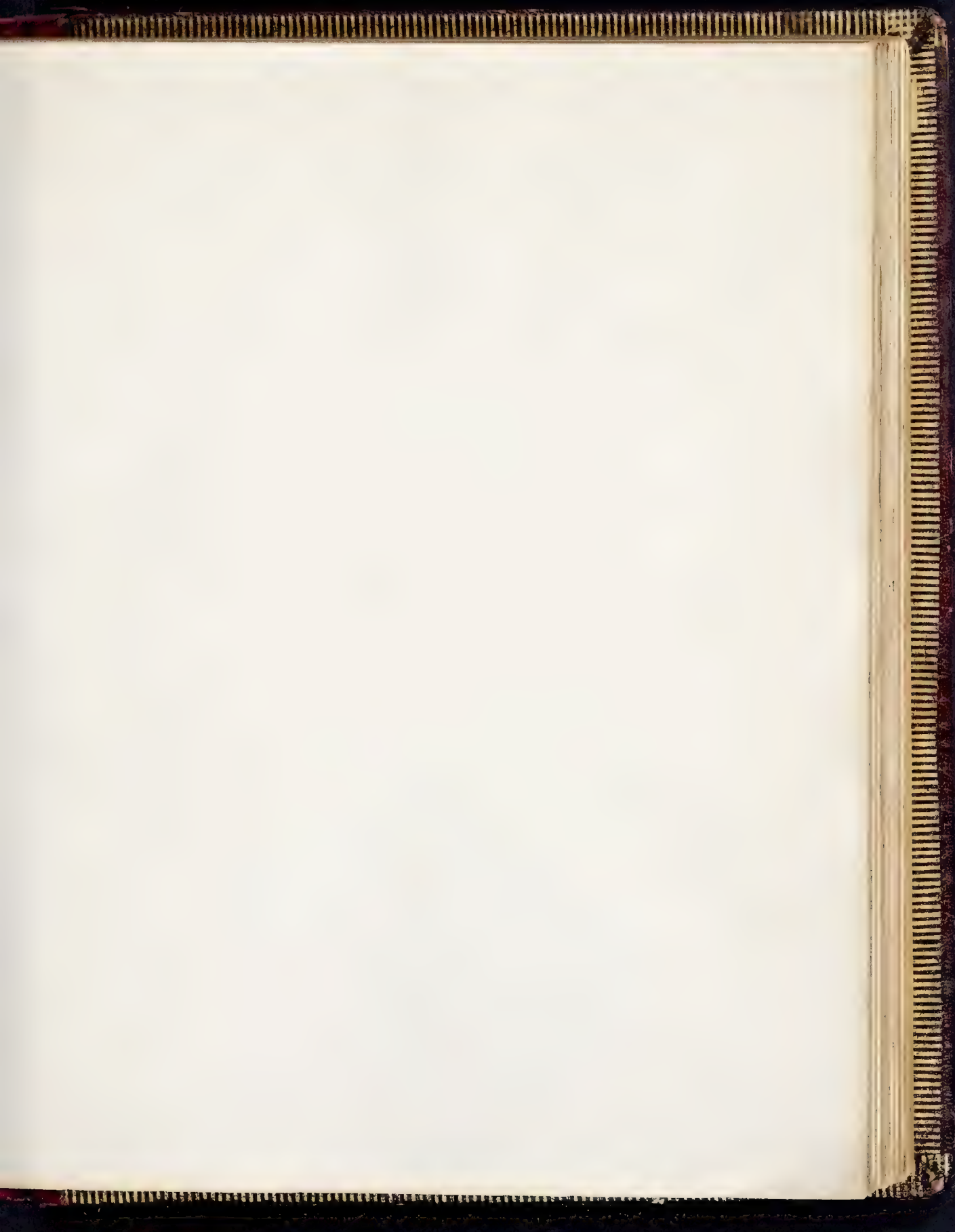
On turning a corner of the road, suddenly the whole panorama lay spread out before us, and we stopped in our mad descent to drink in the view. Imagine it if possible! From the mountain top, nearly a mile high, having come through miles of forest road, we were

looking out over a great expanse of country at the cantons Vaud and Geneva. Winding its way, like a broad river, lay Lake Lemman; the city of Geneva, seventeen miles away by road, could be seen clustering at the foot of the lake in a wide and level field. Opposite to where we stood were the Alps in all their grandeur. Mont Blanc was not visible, but would have been had it not been for the haze. There were others of the eternal snow-clad Alps visible to us, however; the scene itself was the grandest that Switzerland presents, and one never to be forgotten. It would take all the art of the word painter to describe this glorious view, the finest scene we met with in Switzerland.

The Twins, Jones, Morris and the writer stopped at an inn to get some bread, beer and Briecheese; the cheese we got that day was the best we had on the entire trip. It may seem queer to go into ecstasies over a piece of every-day cheese, but if there ever was a piece of cheese to inspire one, this was the cheese. Charley Atwood has a weakness for cheese anyhow, and while we all enjoyed it, he seemed to enjoy it more than anybody else. After finishing our lunch we started on our way, and as I have said, suddenly turning the corner of the road the scene spread out in all its grandeur before us, and we stopped to drink in its beauties. The others of the party had gone on ahead and waited for us further down. When we reached

them, Frank Elwell was eloquent and fairly spread himself, saying, "Now, did you fellows ever see anything to equal that? Did you ever dream any such scene was in store for you?" "Yes, I know," responded Charley, "and we have had the finest cheese on the trip up where we stopped." "Great heavens," replied Elwell, "have I brought you boys three thousand miles to see a view like this and your appreciation is greater for a piece of cheese? Well, I *am* disgusted!" Then he led the way down the magnificent road which we could see, twisting like a serpent, far below us.

For ten miles of the seventeen, we coasted down; in front of us lay the lake, glimmering in the sun, in all its beauty, surrounded by the magnificence and grandeur of the Alps, the sky in front so calm and clear, while at our back a severe thunder storm was raging over the Jura range, making a wonderful and beautiful contrast. The rain caught us before we reached the bottom and drenched some of us. Arriving at the foot of the mountain we rode across the sunlit plain, now between rows of tall Lombardy poplars, and again through little villages, and passed the custom house, where Lucas was seized by one of the officers, who caught his wheel and threw him, in his attempt to ride by. After the formalities there were gone through with, we made our way on to the city of Geneva, and





were quartered for two days, our first days in Switzerland, at the Hotel Metropole.

SWITZERLAND.

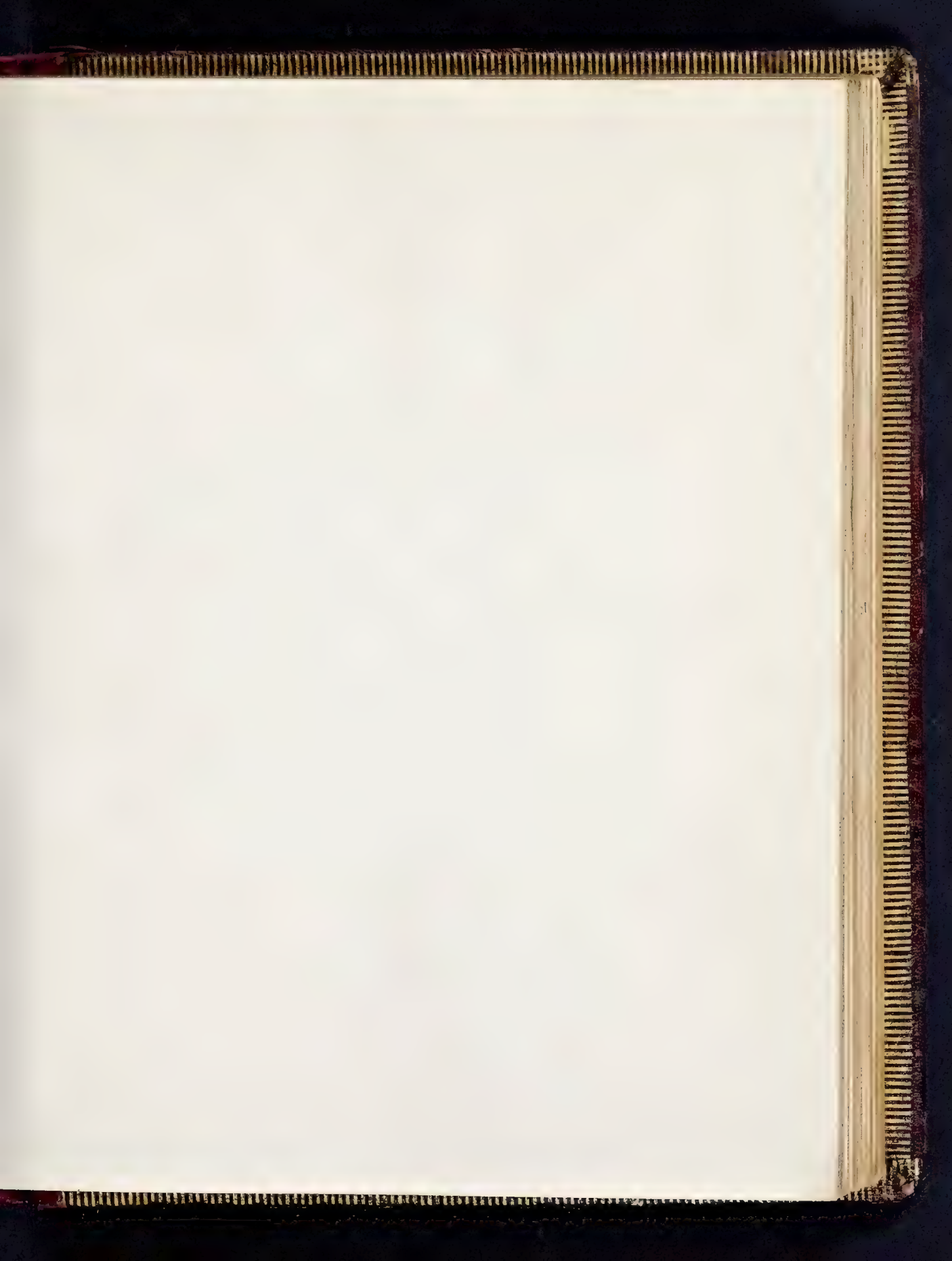
II.

"In every era highly-favored personages have arisen, in whom the loftiest aims and capabilities of their nation and age seemed to be embodied; such have ever succeeded in winning in an especially high degree the love and admiration of their contemporaries and of posterity, while legend and poetry have shed their dazzling lustre around the historical figures of these darlings of their people. In like manner it would appear that Nature has poured out over certain spots the cornucopia of her charms and blessings with doubly lavish hand, so that to them the nations throng as to some wonder-working shrine, and around them a bright garland of romance and poesy has been woven. Such a spot is Switzerland."

After a days' sojourn in Geneva, where we visited John Calvin's house, the Russian church, had a ride of a few hours on the lake, saw the meeting of the green

Rhone, and the milky waters of the Arve fresh from the glaciers, and in fact did up the town; Hobbs, Jones, Dudley and myself, left the party in Geneva and went to the Hospice of the Grand St. Bernard. The writer being an admirer of the Saint Bernard dog did not want to leave that section of the country without visiting his home. As it was a long distance, the four of us took the train for Martigny, in the valley of the Drance, at the base of the Alps, which is the starting point for the Great Saint Bernard. We arrived there late in the evening, and spent the night at the Hotel Clerc. I had been warned not to take a room or make any arrangements at any hotel in Switzerland, until I had inquired as to price, for fear of being roasted, as was customary for them to do Americans. We had our dinner, made inquiries as to reaching the monastery, and engaged a conveyance to take us on our long ride, the following day, without saying a word as to the price of anything, mentally fearing all the time what the bill would be. Imagine our most agreeable surprise on our return to Martigny, that our entire bill for the four, including the two day's use of the carriage and guide to the St. Bernard, and our entire hotel bill, was but about five dollars each. We pronounced our landlord a trump, and a good one at that.

There we met an American, Mr. N. Vance Martin,





from Louisville, Ky, who was doing Europe on foot, a very clever fellow, whom we afterward met at Chamonix, he went over the Mer de Glace with us, and his face appears in the picture taken on the ice; the only stranger in the party.

Next morning, at six o'clock, we started for our long thirty mile ride in an open wagon to the Bourg St. Pierre, where the carriage road stops; there we made a halt to fortify ourselves with a dinner. The hotel we stopped at was the one where Napoleon took his breakfast on his way over the St. Bernard into Italy. It was a very rickety old house, but we got a good substantial meal. Our landlady could only speak a word or two of English; she was a rough country-looking old woman, quite a characteristic representation of the Swiss mountaineer. She did not hesitate to tell us in all the English she could master, that we were in the house where Napoleon had eaten. "Is this the room he dined in?" I asked. "*Oui, oui*," she replied. "Is this the table he dined at?" "*Oui, oui*," was again the answer. "Are you the woman that waited on him on that memorable occasion?" was my next question. "*Oui, oui*," she replied again, and she said it as if she meant it. After our dinner, about one o'clock, we started on our long ten mile walk up to the monastery, which is on the borders between Switzerland and Italy. We walked up past the Cantine, the last human habi-

tation up, and then some miles further to get up in the snow line, and on the ninth day of July, when the thermometer was over one hundred in America, we four snow-balled one another, and walked fast to keep ourselves warm. The last mile and a-half was through a beaten path, on either side of which was twelve inches of snow, some of which had recently fallen.

On our arrival at the monastery, a large, square, old building, all of stone, built centuries ago from rock quarried right at the spot, we were welcomed by one of the monks at the door. We told him as best we could that we were Americans, and we could not have been treated better had we been in the best hotel in Switzerland. He was all kindness and attention, showed us our room, and was very anxious to get us some brandy, hot coffee and dry shoes, or render any service that he could. We thanked him for his kindness and told him we would wait until our dinner. We took a walk around the lake, and then for the only time on the trip were we on the soil of sunny Italy; we failed to realize the truth of the simile however, up here in the ice and snow. At five o'clock in the afternoon we saw the crystals of ice forming on the lake, standing as we were alongside of a snow bank ten feet high. We saw the celebrated St. Bernard dogs of the Hospice. There are but five grown dogs and a few puppies there at present, and these of the smooth-coat variety; all hand-

some specimens of the type, but not so large as some we saw at other places in Switzerland. After our dinner, the Prior, Canon Bourgeois, gave us an audience. He is a man of about thirty-five years of age, handsome, and with a bright intellectual countenance that beams with the work in which he is engaged. He spoke some German and a few words of English. He gave us his autograph, which the four of us treasure highly, as a memento of our trip to the Saint Bernard. The evening was spent writing letters and conversing with some English girls whom we met at dinner, and who were doing the Continent on foot. Early the next day after a breakfast of bread, honey and hot coffee, the honey being frozen in the pot, we started back arriving at Bourg St. Pierre about noon, where we found our driver waiting to take us back to Martigny. All the way down we were regretting that we had not brought our wheels, for we were missing a coast of twenty miles, straight down hill, over a beautiful road with an easy grade down nearly all the way to Martigny. We arrived there about one o'clock, and after dinner we started for Chamonix, a thirty mile ride, or walk rather, for walk it was, nearly all the way.

After leaving Martigny we started up the mountain, where as we ascended the hill and looked back, we enjoyed a fine retrospective view of the Rhone Valley;

on our way up three of the boys pushed their wheels, the writer having hired a little Swiss boy for two francs to push his up to the Col de Forclaz, the summit of the mountain, three and a-half hours' walk from Martigny, a distance of ten and a-half miles. On our way up we met a party of English tourists coming down. We were tired with our long walk and without meaning to appear funny, we inquired of one of them "if there was any top to this mountain?" merely passing a pleasant word as we went by to people speaking our language. The reply we received was a clean knock-out and sent us on our way without further conversation. He merely said "naturally."

All the distances in Switzerland and Germany are counted not by the mile, but by the hour, it being estimated that a horse walks three miles an hour, and when one inquires the distance of a given point from a native, he is answered in so many hours. We had been promising ourselves such a glorious coast when we reached the top, and imagine our chagrin to find that the road was so steep that it was scarcely possible to ride it. "Dud" and the writer walked down, and swore; Jones and Hobbs strapped their brakes to the handle bars and heedless of danger, coasted down the various turns in the mountain road.

Arriving at the bottom our course lay through the beautiful Tete Noire Valley, and up again until we

reached the top of the second range of the Alps, another long walk, when an abrupt turn in the road brought the entire Mont Blanc range with its snow clad peaks and icy glaciers into full view. The effect of the sun on the snow and ice was so dazzling in the the sunshine, that it seemed to be made of snow and gold. The sight of the glaciers, solid rivers of ice in varied hues, was to us a novel and magnificent one. We had never anticipated anything equal to the reality, although often having read of it. A long winding coast brought us to the base of the mountain and after a long level ride through several villages, each one of which we hoped was Chamonix, we at length sighted the white slate-roofed houses of Chamonix extending on either side of the Arve. Arriving there we found the town to consist of numerous shops and excellent hotels, and in the vicinity of the village numerous Swiss chalets are scattered.

In the meanwhile the fifteen others of our party, having bidden a tearful farewell to Arthur G. Collins, who left them to return to Paris and bohemianism, had started from Geneva on the tenth of July, for their long days ride of fifty-four miles to Chamonix. The road ascended gradually, giving grand views of the mountains and following the rushing Arve. Through fertile valleys, past wayside chalets and pretty villages, Cluses, twenty-six miles, was reached and here *dejeuner* was

served. Before getting to this place Hard gave out, having gotten afoul of a tram-car track in Geneva and sprained his back. A wagon was sent for him from Cluses and taking the *dilligence* which soon after came along, he forgot all his troubles in the society of a pretty girl. The party kept pace with the *dilligences* into Sallanches and beyond, over a horribly muddy road. Of course, *grenadine*, etc., had to be gotten at Sallanches, and thereby the boys were exceedingly refreshed.

The last sixteen miles were the worst of the day's run. The mountains approached closely, and the road became steep, following the river into a narrow, precipitous gorge. From the parapet one could look down a hundred feet to the mad waters of the Arve, which foamed and boiled over the impeding rocks in its course with a loud roar. The sun now became obscured and made the narrow cañon still more wierd and gloomy. Several of the boys bribed a *dilligence* driver to take them up. Papa Robson made use of a hay wagon, but most of the fellows walked, and a long hard walk it was! Toward evening the valley broadened out and the grand Glacier des Boissons came into view—a mighty river of solid ice flowing down the majestic side of old Mont Blanc, losing itself at last in a forest of evergreens at the base of the mountain. This, the first glacier seen, made a great impression on the party, and

many thought it finer from the valley than the Mer de Glace. Mont Blanc was not seen in all its grandeur till next day, as its head was enveloped in dense clouds.

The arrival of the bicyclists created a great excitement in the little village of Chamonix, and the Hotel Imperial received them with open arms. As it was now nearly seven in the evening, we eagerly sat down to *table d' hôte* and did it full justice. Soon after we sought our rooms, as the start to the Mer de Glace was to be made very early next day to avoid the heat of the sun.

Our hotel in Chamonix was kept by a Mr. Churchman, who was an English wheelman, and the reception he gave us, marked an era in our trip; he took us in, not in the way generally referred to, but with a lavish hand. Our first night was spent in the smoking room of the hotel, here he lavished champagne on us, a thing almost unheard of in European hotels, where they never give anything away, but charge you even for the sheet of paper to write a letter on, and if you do not look out, also for the use of the pen.

Next morning we were up bright and early and a majority of the party started off, having provided ourselves with yarn socks to cover our feet and Swiss alpen-stocks, to make the trip over the Mer de Glace, the largest of the glaciers. A five mile walk up

the hill brought us to the top of the mountain, and here a great surprise was in store for us, for as we reached the top and looked down, the icy river half a mile wide, the waves of which average fifteen to twenty feet in height, made a remarkable view. Going up Charley Atwood almost fell by the wayside and said he could go no further, but yielding to the persuasion of several of us he finally reached the top and when he got there, after seeing the glorious view, he thanked us all individually for insisting upon his continuing. After a short stop at the Hotel Montantvert, we started down a long, narrow path to cross this vast sea of ice, sixty-three hundred feet above the ocean. Having procured a guide, and put on our socks to keep us from slipping, we began our trip across the icy waves. Up and down steps cut in the solid ice, for nearly an hour, we traveled, careful not to miss our footing at any time, as an uncertain step might precipitate us down through some crevasse, which would be certain death. Our photographers were busy here and took the boys in all attitudes on the ice. Finally we reached the other side and thought all danger was over, but we realized a few moments later that it had just begun, for we had the dreaded "Mauvais Pas" still to travel before we reached *terra firma*. An English lady, whose husband was too nervous to make the trip, accompanied us across the Mer de Glace. Then we started to go down the





"Mauvais Pas," a long, narrow foot-path, cut in the jagged rock on the side of a precipice, the glacier far below us. So dangerous is it, that an iron railing has been put up by means of iron staples fastened in holes drilled into the rock to which the rail is attached, for a long distance.

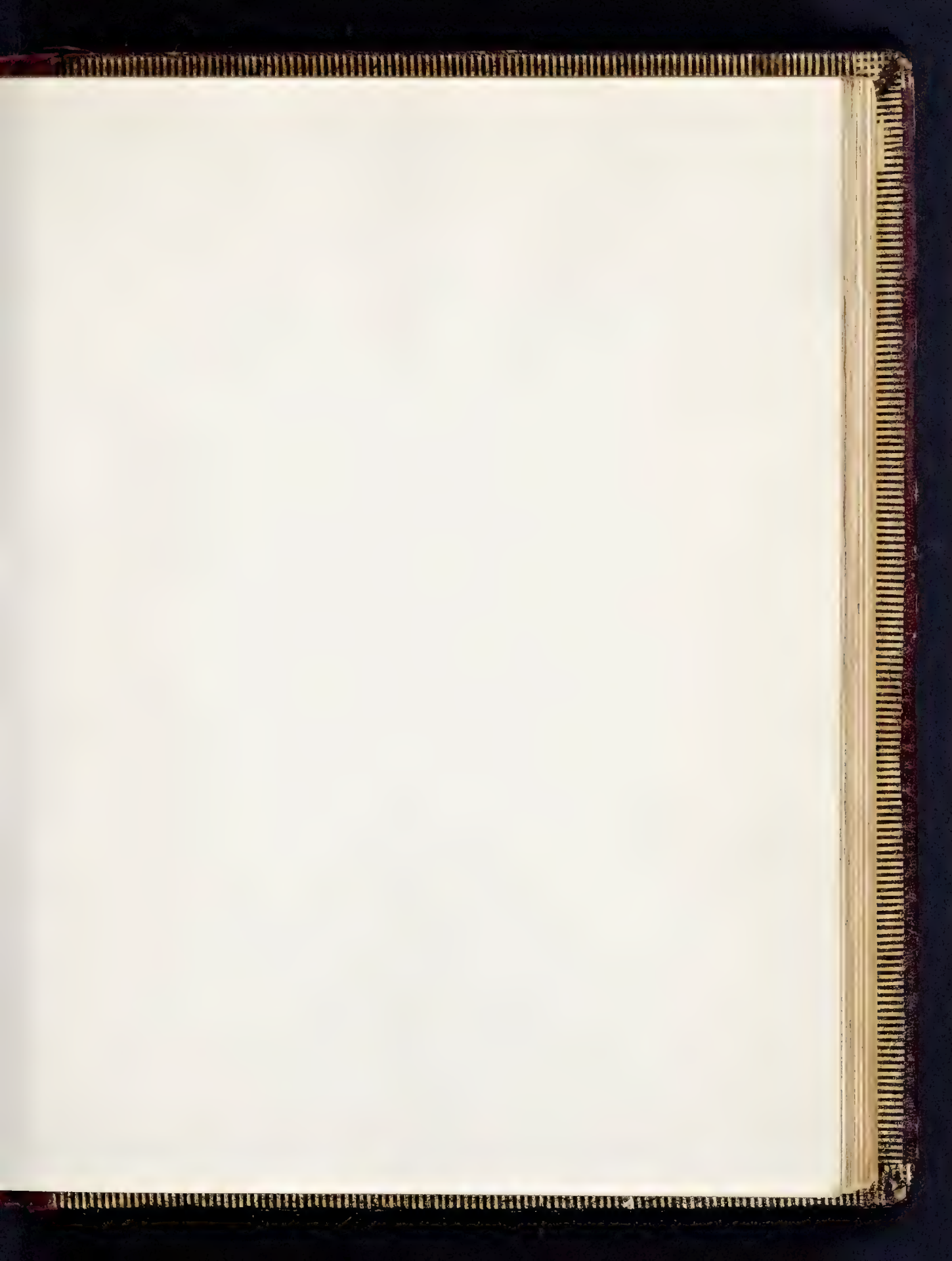
Carefully did we pick our way down this mountain path, nervously stepping from point to point, and anxiously watching for fear that a mis-step might launch us into eternity. It was remarked by somebody in the party, I forget whom, now, that "if a fellow ever did happen to miss his footing, going down the 'Mauvais Pas,' all the remainder of his life would be spent sliding, and the slide would not be monotonous either." At the start there is a boy with an Alpine horn, who blows a signal to warn travelers coming the other way that the path is occupied, as it is almost impossible for two to pass on it. In such a case the result might be the old story of two locomotives trying to pass on the same track, only the end of it would be that all would go down, and not up. Of all the nervous men I have ever seen, our Tommy took the bun, for from the time we started until we reached the end his heart was in his mouth, and he has right much of the latter organ too!

At length we reached the end of our walk and returned to the hotel in time for our lunch, having had

four or five hours of this beautiful and most exciting adventure. Quinn wrote home from Chamonix that he made the ascent of Mont Blanc. Well, if the Baron says he did, that settles it; he did.

The evening was spent entertaining the town with a genuine American "Tug of War;" a rope was secured, sides were chosen, the old base ball captains being made captains of the respective teams. Of course the result was the same as the ball games, but still there is some consolation in the fact that even a Baltimorean and a Philadelphian could not pull against a stone wall, the other side having tied their end of the rope to an iron projection in a stone wall on the opposite side of the street, and after fairly groveling in the dust for some minutes, in the mad attempt to pull the wall down, we gave up the fight and paid the bet.

The next day was a rainy one; it was spent principally in the hotel writing letters to the loved ones at home. Here Hard thought he had met his fate in the person of an American girl, but alas, how changeable is the course of true love, and although later days proved that it was only a dream, later years will no doubt prove that that dream was one of the happiest of his life. That evening Mr. Churchman was presented with a carved wood clock of Swiss manufacture, by the party, in some recognition of the many kindnesses he had shown us during our stay in Chamonix.





Next morning we started off accompanied by Mr. Churchman, who went with us as far as the base of the mountain, where he stopped and "set 'em up again" to champagne. He left us amid the general regret of the party and loud huzzas, and with that well known American bicycle yell and reply "What is the matter with Mr. Churchman?" "He's all right." We then continued on our way up the mountain, turning often to get a most remarkable retrospective view of Mont Blanc in the full sun-light, which was really the best view we had had of the old king of mountains. Our road then lay over the worst road we saw in all Switzerland, our dinner stop being Vernayaz, where is the celebrated Gorge du Trient, in the valley of the Rhone. Our walk that day was over a rough mountain road with serpentine windings, where it was utterly impossible to ride, and being out of the line of all railroad, there was nothing else to do but to foot it. Several of the boys had attempted to ride, but Charley Atwood's fall on the rough coast, made them give up any attempt, and we walked the rest of the distance, up and down hill, a yawning precipice at our feet all the way, until we reached Vernayaz. The Gorges of the Trient belong to the celebrated scenes of nature, and no visit to this part of the land of the Swiss would be considered complete without exploring their romantic recesses. A rend in the mountains, whose rugged

walls rise up almost perpendicularly, discloses through a gloomy gateway a lonely, rocky cavern, where solitude sits grimly on her throne. This long crevice extends from the entrance to the rear of the Gorge, where the stream, on its entrance, falls over a rocky bed, and continues its rumbling and checkered course through the Gorges. Here Jean, the guide, fired a gun to awaken the echoes in the cavern, which dashed from rock to rock with reverberation after reverberation, dying off like thunder in the distance.

After dinner at Vernayaz we started up a long, level road along the valley of the Rhone to Aigle. We continued for about fifteen miles, and by the end of the afternoon reached the eastern extremity of Lake Lemman, where we explored the Castle of Chillon with its massive walls and towers. We went through the Castle, saw the dungeon where Bonivard was confined, and the depression in the rock, worn by his feet, at the base of the pillar to which he was chained. On the pillars in the dungeon we saw the names of Dumas, George Sand, Victor Hugo, Eugene Sue, Byron and many others, and as the rays of the setting sun lighted up the old dungeon, those familiar lines from Byron's "Sonnet of Chillon," came running through my head:

Chillon! Thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar,—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

Up stairs we were shown the hall of justice, and many of the most interesting relics. The railings looked to be very old, and the guide informed us that they dated as far back as the twelfth century. We saw the rock on which the condemned slept, the night before his execution, and the place where the unfortunate prisoners, when lured down the dark steps, under promise of escape, made the fatal mis-step, which threw them on the sharp sword-pointed spikes twenty-five feet below. Byron has attached so much interest to this spot, that a visit to Switzerland is not complete without making a pilgrimage to it.

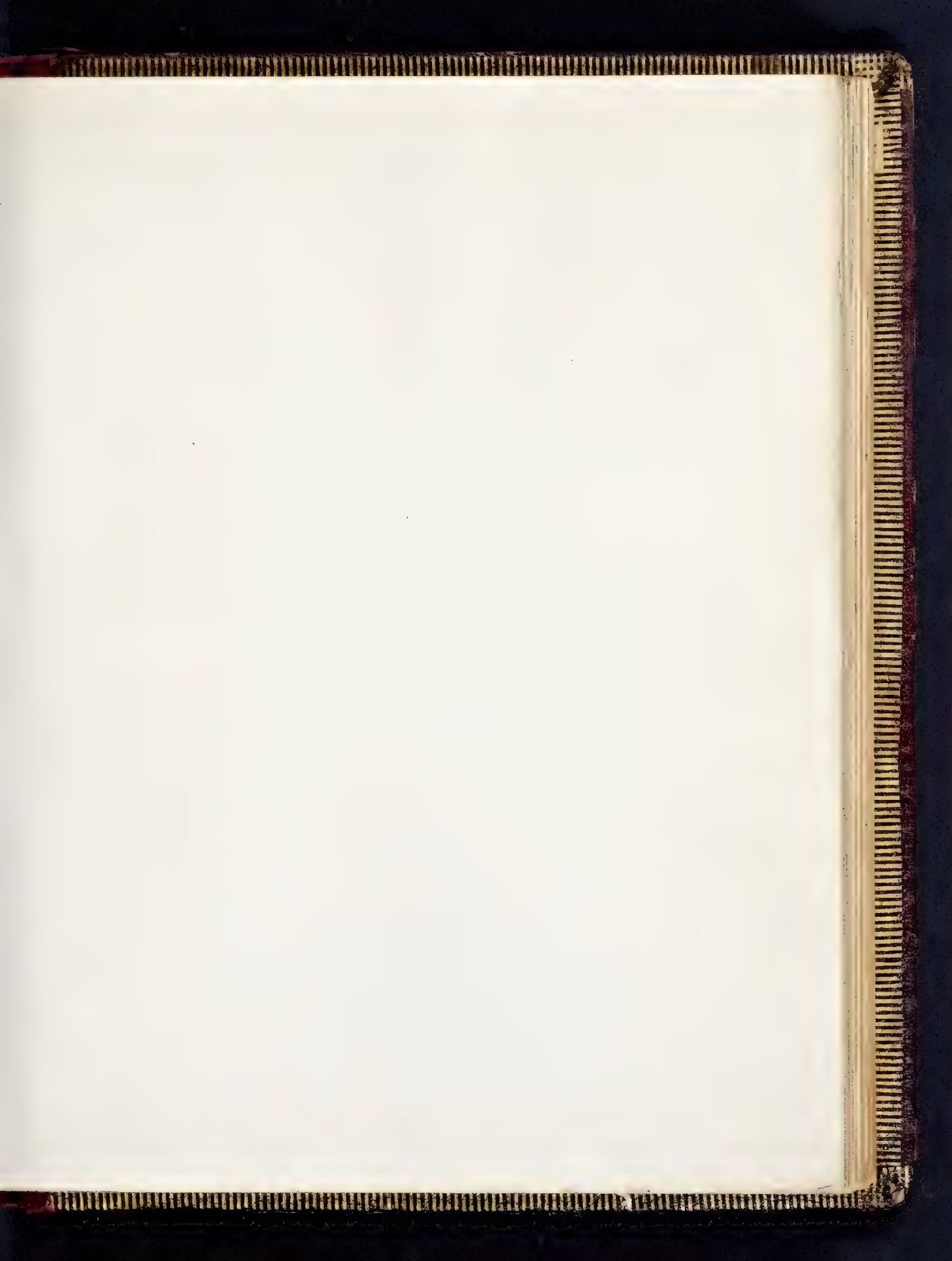
Returning to Aigle, a small town with an ancient castle, seven miles from the lake, we had dinner, and spent the night. Here we ran across a regulation European Country Fair. We had never seen one before, and the sight was novel and interesting. The entire town was illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and on the road a short distance from our hotel, we came to a large crowd of strolling performers of all kinds; the only thing, that I can compare it with in America, would be a circus, without a big tent proper, for here were

to be found the flying-horses, the snake charmer, the wild man of Borneo, the Circassian woman, and all the well-known curiosities that are to be found in the big side-show tents with the circuses in America. An actor, all dressed in tights, stands in front of his tent and tells—at least we suppose he was telling, although we could not understand a word he said—what wonderful things are to be seen in the interior of the booth and when he has a sufficient crowd collected, he enters to take part in the performance on the inside. On entering one of the booths, we found what to us seemed a genuine American Negro, a curiosity in that country, and to them as rare as the Hindoo would be to us. He was billed as a wonder from the South Sea Islands, but our opinion was that he was a regulation American "Coon."

After a good night's rest we again resumed our journey, our destination being Interlaken. We started with a ten mile walk up the mountain in the sun, pushing our wheels along in front of us, stopping now and then to snap the camera on some beauty of nature, or to swear at the management for bringing us over such a terrible hill. Finally after a four hour's walk we reached the summit, Comballaz, where we found the hotel proprietor was a brother of our old friend at Martigny, and we found him as close as his brother had been liberal. Tommy Brinsmade tells a

good story about this man, and it is worth repeating. He said that one of the boys last season had complained about the quality of the butter and the high price charged in the hotel by the landlord; the landlord in return took him by the hand, led him out on the porch of the hotel, and pointing to the lovely view down the valley of the Simmenthal, said, "It is not the butter we charge you for; it is that. Do you expect to get that view and good butter too for the price you are paying?" The complainant was non-plussed and subsided. After a dinner, which to say the least, was cut short, through no fault of the management, but because of the landlord's parsimony, we resumed our trip. Our destination for the night was Zweizimmen, a pretty little Swiss village, famous for its wood carvings, at the foot of the centre range of the Alps. Starting from Comballaz, we had a glorious coast of six or eight miles to a little hamlet called Chateau d'Oex, and then a long, long climb. Papa Elwell, accompanied by that potato bug hat of his, which had done him service since he left Chamonix, was in the rear, along with the Twins and the writer. As we journeyed on he repeated Collins' predictions when we passed over the Juras. He said that he knew every step of the way on this road, having traversed it last summer, and promised us that every hill was the last, until finally in utter desperation, we told him to "cheese it," that we were not

going to pay any more attention to him, but to foot it and say nothing, until we would strike the coast. When we did strike it, it was only the commencement of an eighteen mile coast straight down the mountain, which we broke at Zweizimmen to spend the night, only to resume it in the morning on our way to Interlaken. I am sure it will be noticed that many of the events mentioned occurred in the rear of the party as we rode along. This is only to be accounted for by the fact that the writer was mostly at the end of the procession, but he says proudly he was never late at meal time during the three months; and he always brought up the rear corps of the party along with Papa Robson, Papa Elwell, and the Twins. We five old gray headed men, having lost the agility and the spring of our youth, were compelled to plug along as best we could, leaving the boys of the party to do the scorching. Only once on the trip did I scorch and that was on the road from Thun to Interlaken, which I will refer to later. At Zweizimmen, where we spent this night, the landlord of the hotel was a landlady. She was assisted by her pretty daughter whom all the boys tried to make love to, but she was proof against it; she doubtless had some rustic swain in the neighborhood. In this town it was that we Germans of the party first began to get in our fine work, and from then on "*zwei bier*" took the place of "*deux cognac*."





It is a remarkable fact that in Switzerland on the Western side of the Alps the language is all French; while after you cross into the Bernese Oberland, into the Lake Lucerne country, and into the Northern part of Switzerland the language is all German. When we arrived at Zweizimmen at roll call for dinner, we were two short, the first time since leaving Havre that every man had not answered the meal call. Hard and John Duer were not to be found, and the whole number immediately began to lay plans to go back along the road to hunt up the missing. While we were determining what course to pursue, a telegram was received from the boys informing us that they would be with us at ten o'clock that night. In due time they turned up, all alive, having come in a wagon, and told us that they had mistaken the road in one place and turned to the left instead of to the right. This was the only accident of the kind that happened on the entire tour. In France it is impossible to lose one's way, since at every kilometer there is a stone, and at every cross road there are sign posts indicating just where the road leads to. This system is carried out to some extent in Switzerland, but not so perfectly as in France; still a little inquiry will always direct one, and the natives are always ready to assist. A few pennies to a little boy, will oft-times secure all the information that is necessary. Leaving this curious old town early the

next morning we resumed our course for ten miles more straight down hill, and then for fifteen miles further through a lovely cultivated valley with a rushing stream near by. Soon we descended into a very deep chasm, where from the ledge above we looked down far over the parapets. This ride was the loveliest of our trip so far.

All the morning our road had been down hill, along rushing streams, where we constantly heard the murmur of the water, through lovely fields, through broad villages, over rustic bridges that span the streams, past the Swiss chalets, over a road that was really one of the most picturesque rides of the trip. Our destination for dinner was Thun, situated at the head of the lake of that name. It was a beautiful sight to see the lake; a lovely blue sheet of water in contrast with the snow covered mountains all around. We descended to the level of the lake and traversed the plain to Thun, a town that is old, odd and interesting. Before dinner several of the boys went out for a long walk in the town, and to swim in the lake, at the end of which is a sort of natatorium. The swimming pool had been fenced in, and the current was so strong that it was impossible to swim, except with it. The water was so cold, coming from the snow on the mountains, that a short swim sufficed. After the swim was over, and before dinner, several of us ascended a curious old flight

of stairs, covered by a shingle roof to a hill where there is an old castle and a church. From the tower of the castle a pretty view for miles around was had. After one of the best meals we had had on the trip, we lay around on the grass for an hour or two, told experiences, compared notes, and then mounted our machines once more for a fifteen mile ride along the lakeside to Interlaken. This was a charming ride, all along the shore of the lake; the slopes of the hill are all cultivated; several of the boys dropped off their machines along the road and ate cherries to their fill—one of the few things we got in Europe without paying for them.

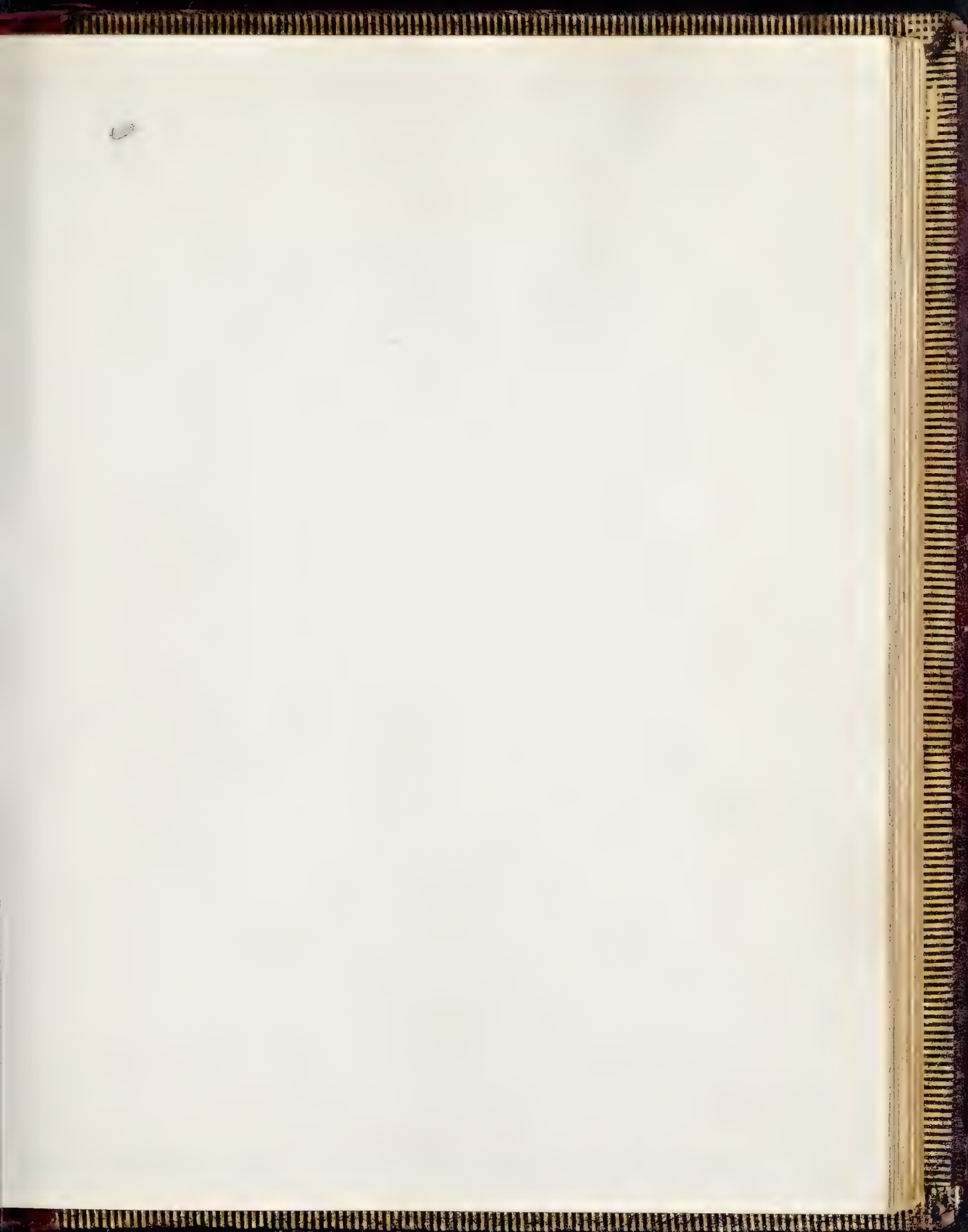
After leaving Thun, the writer was inveigled to ride in company with the scorchers of the party, who started to make him sweat. I complained, and it was agreed to let me set the pace, on to Interlaken, which with becoming modesty, I must admit was a total failure. Pump as I did over the road, through its tunnels of solid rock, along the high bank, or along the lake's level, they were always at my heels, to be more literal, at my wheels. When I coasted with my brake off recklessly down hill, they were right behind me. When I plugged up hill with all my strength, there they were. I had some idea that I could ride a bicycle, but when I was put in front of the scorchers in our party,—our hard riders,—I must admit, that "I was

not in it." I did my level best, and while this is a most humiliating confession to make on paper, I have the proud consciousness of feeling that I could have done no better. We reached Interlaken about five o'clock in the evening, and quartered at the Hotel Jungfrau, where from our windows we got a superb view of the mountains, the Jungfrau towering grandly above them.

"Fair celestial figure,
In snow white robes arrayed,
That seems not of the earth, but heaven."

She is the queen and heroine of the great spectacle in front of us, arising as she appears in all her snow white grandeur, from the mountains that surround her. At the Hotel Jungfrau, to our surprise, an old flame of one of the boys, accompanied by a friend, was quartered, and in the evening after we had our dinner, several of us were sitting on the porch when the young ladies passed, and he being with them, did not speak to us. It was *hard*, but we had to stand it. He apologized afterwards; he said: "You know boys, I could not introduce you all together;" but he never introduced anybody at all, and it was left for us to scrape acquaintance on our way home, in mid ocean.

The next day an excursion from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen was on the programme. A visit to the celebrated Staubbach Fall was paid on our arrival in the valley. And here, from the mountain, a thou-



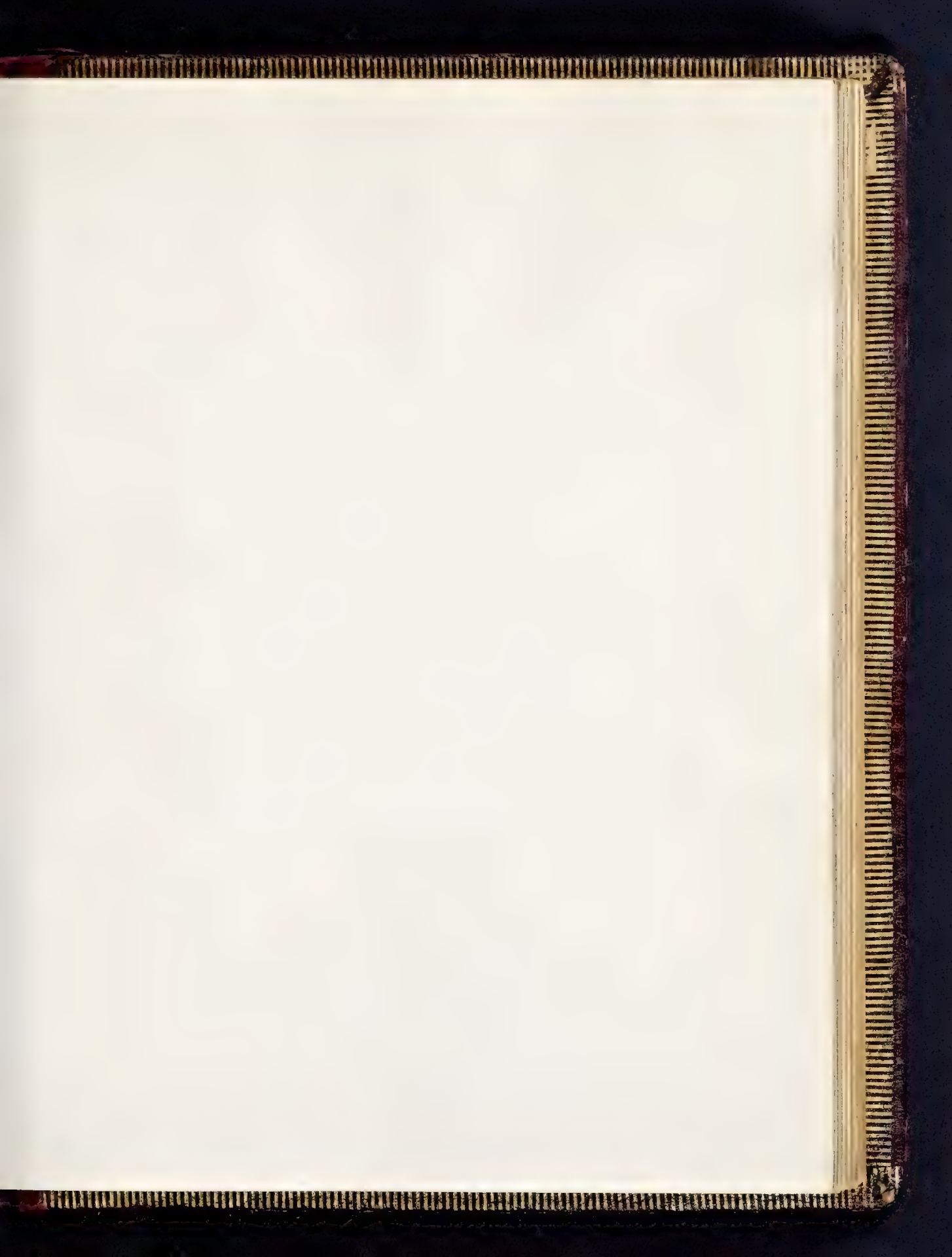


sand feet in height, a stream of water descends, and is converted into a fine mist before it reaches the ground, making a most beautiful sight. At the Trümmelbach Fall, further up the valley, the water drives through the rock with such velocity that it has worn a round hole six to eight feet in diameter, through the solid rock, crashes against the high wall on the opposite side and then down with great speed into the valley below. At one place, an old man who was breaking stones at the side of the road, blew a blast on a tremendous Alpine horn as we passed, waking wonderful echoes from the lofty cliffs opposite.

All of us bought, at Lauterbrunnen, more or less Swiss wood carvings, as we found this was the cheapest place we had yet seen for this character of goods. After spending as much money as we could afford, and enjoying the anticipation of the pleasure it would bring those at home, we left on our return trip to Interlaken, but paused on the rocks to have our pictures taken. Before we had gone any distance we saw a storm rising in the mountains, and started in a race with the elements to see who would reach Interlaken first. It was a neck and neck race, and we had scarcely reached the hotel, in fact some of the wheels were not yet in the stable, when it poured.

Next morning we started on an excursion to Grindelwald, a little village at the base of the Wetterhorn,

famous as a watering place, and which has for its principal attraction two glaciers. After a long ride up the mountain we reached there about mid-day, and the afternoon was spent exploring the glaciers, and going through the famous tunnel in the solid ice of the upper glaciers, returning in time for dinner. Now if there is one thing that Adonis did pride himself on, it was his appetite, which he had brought all the way from America, and was endeavoring to use to the best of his ability. On this occasion there were a large number of English speaking people at the tables, and one of the courses was "poulet," Adonis always pronounced it "poley," and if he had a weakness for any thing it was "poley." The waiter did not have quite enough on the dish to reach Adonis, and how he did watch that waiter. When he found that the last piece came to Tommy, who sat next to him, leaving him without any, he remarked in a tone audible to us all, "Say! Don't I get any of that poley?" Remonstrance was useless. Adonis, like Banquo's ghost, would not down, but like "truth crushed to earth would rise again." Harry Higgins and Tommy left for Lucerne next morning at five o'clock, and we were deprived of the pleasure of their company for two days. We left Grindelwald about ten o'clock, and after securing our baggage and lunching at Interlaken, started for the Brunig Pass, which was to be our destination for the night.





A short up-hill ride out of Interlaken soon brought us to Lake Brienz, a lovely sheet of water, though not quite so large as the Lake of Thun, and without its peculiar green color. All the way we got charming glimpses of the lake through the trees, though the low hanging clouds prevented us seeing the mountain tops in the distance. We rode along the edge of the lake to its further end, the wind at our backs materially aiding us, and reached the town of Brienz about two o'clock.

This is a charming spot, and is famous for its wood carvings. By the time we reached here great big drops of rain began to fall. Some of the boys in front plugged on to reach the Brunig Pass, but a number of us returned to Brienz to take the train, and by the time we got back we were drenched. We then took a train and went almost straight up the mountain, by a cog-wheel road, somewhat like the one at Mount Washington, and arrived at the Brunig Pass about four o'clock, where at the Hotel Kurhaus, at the extreme top of the pass, we found the others of the party, with their clothes drying in front of the fire, and they themselves dressed in whatever they could obtain at the hotel. We had dinner, spent the night there, and some got up early to see the sun rise over the mountain tops; those of us who did get up, were well repaid for the early rising. We saw the sun in all his majesty, climb

up from behind the mountains of snow in the neighborhood, and the effect of the sunlight on the snow, on the rocks, on the green in the valleys, and on the glittering cascade, that ran almost at our feet, made a contrast and a picture never to be forgotten. After the customary breakfast of rolls, omelette and honey, we mounted our wheels and were again off for Lucerne. The roads showed very little signs of yesterday's rain, the drainage being so perfect. We coasted for a half or three-quarters of an hour down the mountain side through a forest of beeches and pines, and as we neared the end of the coast, we saw the little Lungerssee, shining like a great silver plate, set in a massive green setting of mountains away down the valley.

We passed through a little village called Sarnen, where we stopped for refreshments, and where there was a bowling alley in the cafe. The writer rolled a huge rubber ball up the alley, but before it reached its destination it struck a good sized demijohn, and the shattering of the glass inside of the wicker work, reminded me that I was indebted to the landlord to the amount of two francs, for meddling where I had no right, which I paid, and left with the rear guard of the party for Lucerne. Not long afterwards we reached the Vierwaldstättersee, the lovely Lake of the Four Cantons, better known as Lake Lucerne.

Our way lay around the base of Mont Pilatus; there

we saw another cogwheel railroad to the summit, similar to the one we had seen at Brunig Pass, only with a greater incline. We then kept on and after following the indented shore for several miles our road led off the lake front proper, and taking a short cut, brought us to Lucerne about noon, where we stopped at the Hotel du Lac. Here the sad news awaited Frank Elwell of the death of his father. This piece of mournful tidings was a great shock, of course, to him, and cast a gloom of sadness over the whole party. In times like these, when we are ready to go to any extent to serve our friends, it seems that we can never offer anything but sympathy, and while that may be heartfelt, and come with great depth of feeling, it always seems so small, so shallow and so unsatisfying to the sympathizing friend, no matter what its effect may be on the unfortunate. Frank left us that afternoon on his lonesome journey of four thousand miles.

Next day being Sunday, we visited first the cathedral, where we heard one of the finest organs in Switzerland. We also went to see Thorwaldsen's Lion of Lucerne, one of the most celebrated monuments in Europe. It is to the memory of the soldiers and officers of the Swiss Guard, about eight hundred in number, who laid down their lives at the Tuilleries in Paris, in defense of Louis sixteenth, on the tenth of August, 1792. In the perpendicular rock of dark gray

sandstone an artificial grotto or cavity has been formed, and within this grotto lies stretched, in the agonies of death, a lion, a broken lance piercing his side, while his paw rests on the Bourbon coat of arms, as a token that even in death he will not forsake his trust. A pool of water overshadowed by pines and maples bears the reflection of the noble monument upon its surface. Above the lion we read this inscription, carved in the rock: "*Helvetiorum fidei ac virtuti*," beneath are engraved the names of the slain officers.

We next visited the "Garden of the Glaciers," a magnificent memorial of the Glacial Epoch, which is most interesting and instructive, showing how the imperceptible movement of the glaciers wears the rocks away, and causes the erratic stones and blocks of granite to hollow out holes in the solid rock, by a perpetual rotary movement, as in a mill. The Glacier Garden, being no artificial thing, produced merely to give instruction to the public, but the real spot upon which ages back rested a glacier, as large as any now in Switzerland, is thus all the more remarkable, for we can hardly conceive such a state of things to have existed in laughing, sunny Lucerne, where all is life and activity, where the rose and laurel vie with each other, and the cold snow-flower, the "Edelweiss", is only to be found as a stranger among Flora's children.

Returning to our hotel we crossed the Reuss by an

old bridge, an antique dilapidated wooden structure, roofed in and available only for pedestrians. It was built about the end of the thirteenth century, and contains a series of old paintings, representing scenes from the lives of St. Leger and Maurice, the patrons of the town. Close to the bridge in the midst of the river, rises the ancient tower, the "*Wasserthurm*," probably the oldest building in the town. It was formerly used as a prison, but now contains the municipal archives. In the afternoon the town was crowded with people, which enabled us to get a good inside view of Swiss life. Here it was that we saw numerous Swiss girls in the picturesque costume of their respective cantons. In Switzerland each canton has a separate national dress for its women, all of them picturesque and pretty, and all different, the only similarity consisting in the silver chains, which they have suspended from their shoulders, along their arms and attached to the back part of their bodies. The girls all seem to delight in the quantity of silver chains that they possess, and we were informed that all their spare change is saved and invested in them. Some wore as many as twelve to fifteen silver chains suspended from their necks.

When at Lucerne, the noblest example of self-denial which has ever come under my notice, occurred in our party, showing at the same time the affectionate feeling existing between the boys. Harry Higgins and

Tommy Brinsmade had reached Lucerne earlier than the party but on their way there, they encountered a fearful storm and arrived at the hotel soaking wet. Harry had a lady friend in the town whom he was anxious to visit, but alas! he had no dry clothing. Tommy had an extra suit on his front wheel, and with a magnanimity that is rarely found, except in story books and on the stage, he loaned his dry suit to Harry at mid-day, enabling him to visit his friend, and went to bed himself at noon, remaining there until the next morning, while Harry being a much stouter man, sported around the town in clothes so tight that he could scarcely sit down. In fact, rumor has it, that he spent the afternoon and evening standing alongside the mantle piece, while poor Tom spent his in bed.

Next morning we left Lucerne for a sail on the lake to Vitznau, the starting point of the railroad up the Rigi. After a most pleasant trip of an hour and a-half, we took a car pushed by a broken-backed engine up the mountain, leaving our wheels at the wharf. As we ascended we had a lovely view of the lake below us. The grade is very steep, in some places being one in four feet. About a mile up the plane we began to go into the clouds, which had massed themselves around the mountain. The air grew colder and we shivered in the open car. About ten o'clock we reached the summit, where everything was shrouded



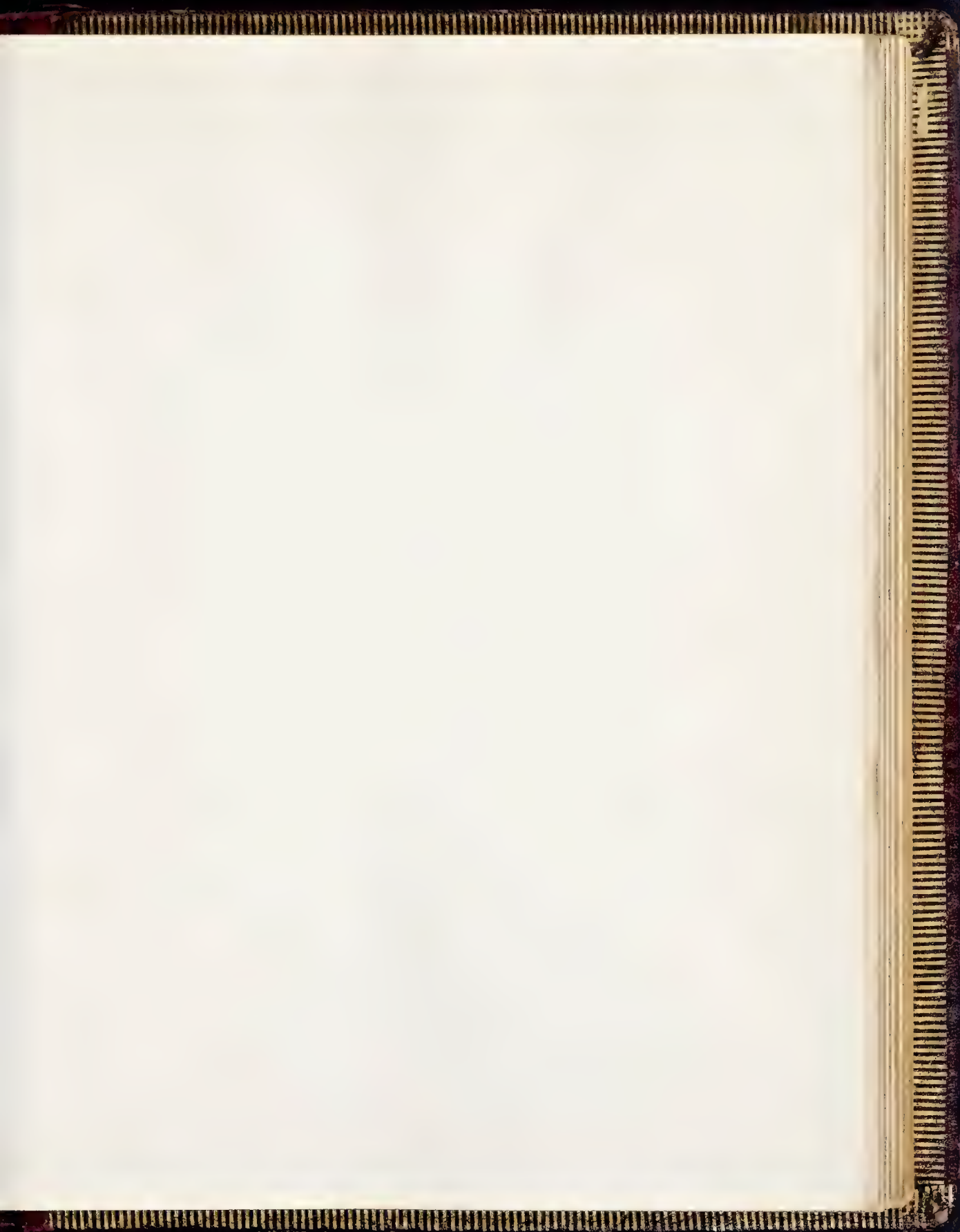
in cold, clammy fog. We hurried to the hotel to keep warm. After dinner we walked out and up to the summit, nearly six thousand feet above sea level, but everything was so enveloped in the dense mist, that nothing could be seen, not even the large hotel, only one hundred feet away. While thus standing on the summit of the Rigi the clouds opened for a minute and gave us a magnificent view of the Lake of Zug, four thousand feet below. Straight down could we look and see the sheet of water directly under us, surrounded by its green shores, dotted with farm houses, stretching away in the distance. But for a moment could we enjoy this treat, as the clouds closed over again, and all was blotted out. It seemed as if a curtain had been raised on the magnificent spectacle, merely giving us a short opportunity to see, and then had dropped suddenly. Late in the afternoon we started on our return trip down the jerky railroad and took a steamer to Gersau, where we spent the night.

Early in the morning of the twenty-second of July, we were again off for Fluelen, a village at the extreme end of the lake, taking one of the steamers to save time. On our way up we passed the Schillerstein, a rock rising out of the water at the base of the Rütli, or meadow, on which is an inscription in gold letters to the memory of the poet who has so graphically perpetuated the story of Tell. Grand mountains rose all

around from the water's edge, and on their steep slopes we saw women raking up hay, in most inaccessible-looking places. Arriving at Fluelen we rode to Altdorf, where William Tell is said to have shot the apple off his son's head. There is a statue to him in this town and at its base we were grouped and had our pictures taken.

We then returned to Fluelen. From there along the lake, the road in many places is cut through the solid rock far above the water, making the famous tunnels of the Axenstrasse. We leaned over the parapet, where openings had been cut to admit light and air to the gallery, and could see, a hundred feet below, the blue waters of the lake washing the base of the mighty wall of rock, while opposite us the lofty mountains, reared their heads, partly enveloped in clouds. Directly underneath ran the St. Gothard railroad, which not many miles distant, enters the longest tunnel in the world.

We stopped at Tell's Chapel, where he is supposed to have leaped from the boat during a storm on the lake, while being taken to prison, and just above here he is said to have shot Gessler. The chapel is adorned with frescoes, illustrating Tell's deeds. Leaving there we started for Zug, stopping at Brunnen, where we left Lake Lucerne, and then on again to Arth, a two mile coast bringing us to Lake Zug, and here we had a short





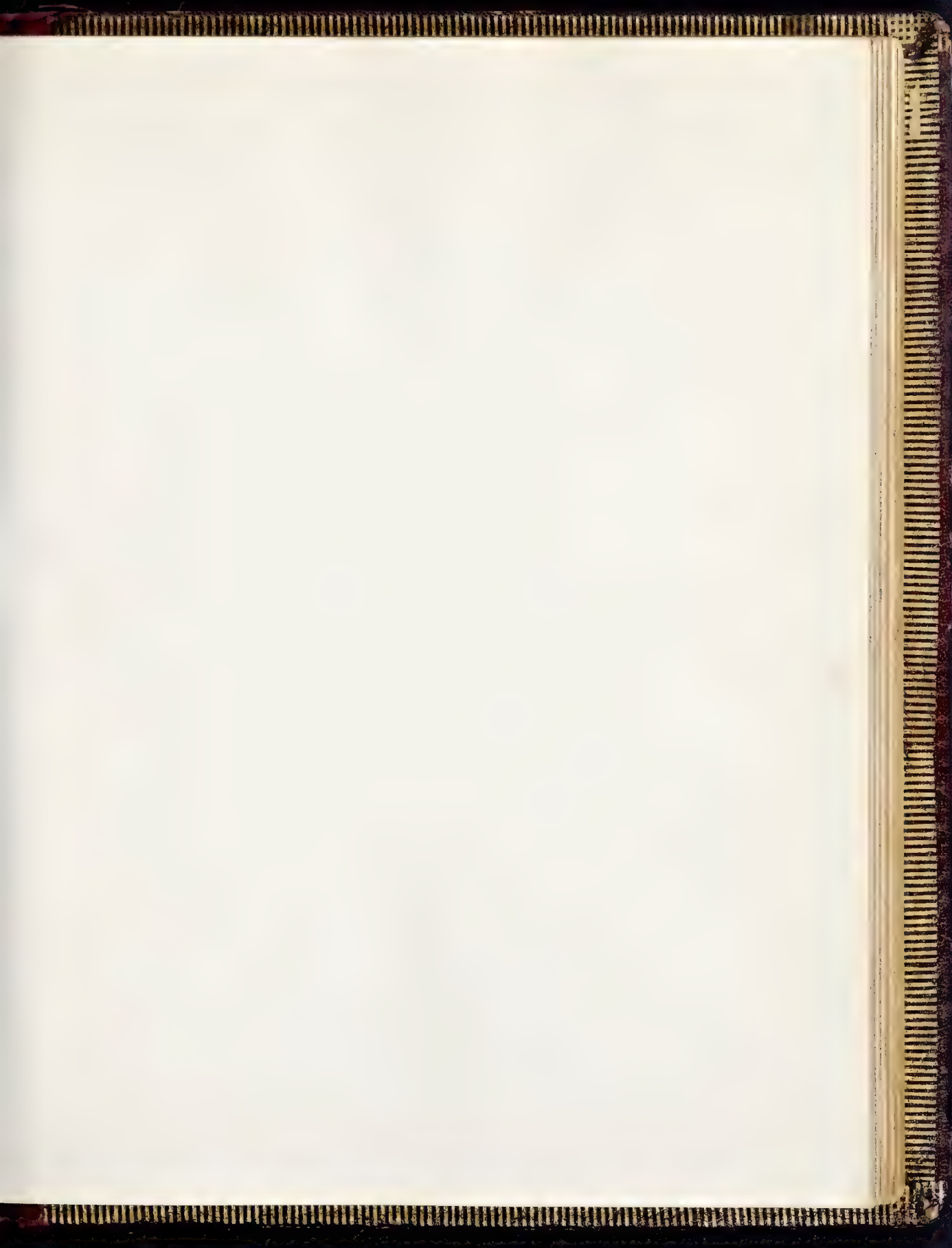
glimpse of the Rigi Kulm hotel through light clouds floating about the summit. We had gone almost around the Rigi. Following the low shores of this lake we arrived at Zug, twenty-five miles from Fluelen, about mid-day, and stopped only for dinner. It being so early and Zürich being the next stop and a mail station for us, we determined to push on and arrived there about four o'clock in the afternoon, where after a lovely eighteen mile ride over the mountains, down a long coast, and then to the head of the lake, we were soon quartered at the Hotel Bellevue, one of the best hotels in Switzerland.

The first night at Zürich was a memorable one; there was a Venetian Fete being held in honor of some celebrated marksmen who were visiting the town. Bands played on the quay, and as it grew dark, hundreds of boats covered with Chinese lanterns rowed out into the lake, and moved around in procession, headed by a steamer which was handsomely decorated and on which was a full band of music. From the shore on the other side, fire-works were being constantly set off, and all portions of this end of the lake were lit up with colored fires, making a most beautiful and entirely novel scene to us. It seemed as though they were having a regular political torchlight procession on the water.

Next day after visiting the old Rathhaus, built over

the Limmat river in 1698, and the cathedral, where Zwingli preached in 1519; and after making numerous purchases of watches, jewelry, &c., we all met at the photographer's and had our picture taken as a party. We had a great time trying to arrange for the group. Of course the handsome men all wanted to be in front, and the homely men tried to accommodate them, but it was finally settled by the little fellows coming in front as far as possible and the big ones taking a position in the rear. One of the boys had a diamond ring which he wanted to show; he got a position in the picture so that his ring would shine, but the sparkle dazzling the photographer's eyes, the position of his hands were changed; he had his ring taken however, but we all regretted very much that in the photograph the sparkle did not show. Another of the party took a seat where a certain light would fall on him and refused to move. Another thought he was handsomer in profile than full face and we allowed him to sit that way. We finally got grouped respectably and the frontispiece of this book is a copy of the large photograph which was taken at that time.

It is only necessary to remind Harry Higgins, Tommy, George Black and "Dud" that we took a hack ride in Zürich. We, as well as the rest of the party, can explain our hack ride to our friends individually, much better than I can write it, both for want of space and lack of command of language.





THE RHINE AND THE BLACK FOREST.

III.

July 25th, we were on our wheels again bound for Neuhausen, at the Falls of the Rhine. Here we were to leave Switzerland and go on our long ride following the banks of one of the most famous rivers in history.

We left the hotel about nine o'clock, and were soon climbing the hills back of Zürich. The road was not very good here, but we reached Winterthur, which was about fourteen miles, near eleven o'clock in the morning. Some miles out a little boy threw a large stick through Johnny Duer's front wheel, breaking out three spokes and throwing him. We all pursued the boy around the house into the barn, where we had quite an altercation with his father, in German; Marriott Morris and myself doing the interpreting. We demanded pay, but of course it ended in demand. It was a most interesting sight, we eighteen, talking and gesticulating to three farmers and as many women, with a broken wheel in evidence. The father of the culprit's partner in crime, seemed to take in the situation more

rapidly than did the culprit's father, as he jumped for his boy and whipped him severely, after which the boy running away, ran into his mother's arms and she repeated the father's dose, only more so.

After leaving here we rode on; several of us in the rear had got separated from the main body and took the road to the right instead of to the left. This led us up on the hills above the Rhine, which we saw for the first time. Our road took us through Schaffhausen, where we crossed the river and saw the ancient defenses of this very old place. The walls and towers there were built in the fifteenth century, and some of the houses date as far back as the eleventh century. Leaving there we soon reached Neuhausen, where we stopped at the Hotel Schweitzerhof, after a long climb up hill, where we got our first view of the celebrated Falls of the Rhine. The hotel is admirably situated for this view, and we sat on the terrace and enjoyed it. The river makes a leap over a broken mass of rock about seventy-five feet high, and rushes madly down throwing the spray in every direction. A party consisting of the Twins, Harry Higgins, Lucas, Dudley, Paiste and the writer, started to go to the other side of the river, to Castle Laufen, late in the afternoon. Hobbs and Morris had preceded us. We crossed the river and after going through the castle, went down a long pathway cut in the solid rock to the foot of the falls.

Here we espied Morris and Hobbs in a boat trying to get on the rock which rises in the centre of the falls. Seeing their success, we determined to hire a boat also and go to the rock. We enveloped ourselves in rubber coats, which we found to be very useful in the spray, and after paying the customary franc and a half to the boatmen we started. The men had to pull very hard against the fearful current, and the boat tossed in every direction, splashing a good deal of water and wetting our feet and legs, which was extremely disagreeable, as they were only covered with bicycle stockings. Reaching the vicinity of the rock the spray from the immense mass of water nearly blinded us, and as the boat danced about, Lucas told the boatman that he had only given him a franc and a half to bring him out, but if he would turn around right there and take him back he would increase his fee to twenty francs; and he meant it. It would not be fair to say that Lucas was a coward ordinarily, because any man who rode and coasted as recklessly as he did during the entire trip, must have the elements of bravery in his make-up. We attributed it to sea sickness. Finally after great exertion the boatman came up to the rock, the cataract plunging down on both sides of it. We got out and climbed up to the top, whence we could look down on the boiling waters all around us. The sight was grand, and well worth the danger attending it.

We now returned to the hotel, which was one of the best in all Europe. Here no tipping of the servants is allowed, and this state of things exists in no other place on the Continent that we saw, and really was a relief from the constant importunity that we received on our trip. Another feature in this hotel was the waiters; instead of seeing the customary *gentlemen* in full dress, we found nothing but pretty Swiss girls, dressed in the costume of their canton, to wait on us, and the hotel itself was one of the finest and the attention we received as good, if not better, than we received anywhere else, where we were constantly going into our pockets to pay for the slightest service. In the evening we sat on the piazza and watched one of the most beautiful spectacles of our journey. The Rheinfall was illuminated with the electric light, and as the bright rays fell on the immense mass of tumbling water, exclamations of delight burst from everyone's lips. Suddenly the light was directed up on the old Castle Laufen, and its towers and parapets were glowing in a scarlet tint. The effect was magical. It seemed like some enchanted castle, lit up by the red glare of a conflagration. Rockets soared aloft and red fire was burnt, while the strong search-light played now on the falls and now up and down the winding river. It was an entertainment not soon to be forgotten.

We left here a day ahead of our schedule, in order





to gain time to go to the Passion Play, and were soon on the road pushing towards the German boundary line. During this morning's ride the writer got into a little spurt with the Adonis, in which he was thrown off his wheel, throwing Adonis one way and Morris, my co-worker in this book, another, but received the only injury of the three, a sprained ankle, and was compelled to train it for several days thereafter. Johnny Duer was feeling unwell and took the train also.

We were now going into the Black Forest country, through which we traveled for three days. A ride of twelve miles brought the party to the frontier. Here are two large stone posts, bearing the coats of arms of Switzerland and Germany. After passing the custom house with some little delay, we went up hill all the way to the town of Bonndorf, over a beautifully graded road, which made it easy to ride. The long pull however began to tell towards the end, for all walked the last two or three miles. In the town here all hands were found eating bread and milk, it being by this time mid-day, and the party having had nothing to eat since early morning. We were now near the edge of the famous Schwarzwald, so famous in legend and poetry. After a time we came to a forest of gigantic pine trees and as we rode through it, we yelled and shouted and heard the echoes sent back from its gloomy depths. A few miles ride through the woods brought us to the

top of a long hill, whence we could see through the branches a sheet of water far below, the Titisee. We had dinner alongside of it, and here we met some German bicyclists, who carried whips on their handle bars to keep the dogs away. This was something new to us, but before we had been in Germany long, the majority of us had them, as we found it a necessity.

Leaving Titisee, we had an up-hill walk of about two miles, and then we began to go down into the Höllenthal, the Valley of Hell, one of the most picturesque places in the whole Black Forest. Our road led us down by many curves, through rock cuttings and along precipices, from which there was a beautiful view down the narrow valley with its thickly wooded slopes. At the bottom of the descent we found that we had coasted eight miles.

A ride of twelve miles more brought us to Freiburg, a typical German garrison town, having made sixty miles since breakfast. We spent Sunday seeing the town. In the morning taking the customary ride, our first visit was to the cathedral, said to be one of the finest pieces of Gothic architecture in Germany, built about the twelfth century. We also saw the magnificent monument erected to the memory of the soldiers who lost their lives near here in the Franco-German war, and enjoyed Sunday afternoon sitting in front of our hotel, watching the German swains and maidens fair telling each

other their love stories, at least we supposed they were, from the looks of their eyes as they passed us.

Monday, July 28th, we started early for Triberg, a little village away up in the Black Forest, crossing the plain and following a lovely valley far into the mountains. The road wound around the hills, always ascending, for seven or eight miles. We made frequent stops to climb trees by the wayside and pick cherries, which were abundant, or to visit the interior of some old inn, whose convex window glass and high straight-backed chairs excited our curiosity. After crossing this mountain range we came to the head waters of the Danube, here a little brook ten feet in width. We saw it again a few days later on the way to Munich. This part of the Schwarzwald was rather a disappointment to most of us, as nearly all the trees have been cut off, and the hillsides are generally well tilled. It seemed that every boy in the party took a different road, and they kept straggling in all the afternoon, but all were in time for dinner. Here we found the cascade that is celebrated throughout the Black Forest, and said to be the largest waterfall in the Schwarzwald. Some of us had our pictures taken on the rock near the waterfall, using it as a background. In the evening the falls were illuminated by electric light. The boys impoverished themselves here buying wooden clocks, etc. This is the headquarters for such

articles, wood carving and clock making being the sole industries of the town.

Leaving Triberg next day, at eight o'clock, we coasted a long way down the mountain over a rough road, the result of a severe rain storm during the night. Lovely woodland scenes met our view, but we missed the sun's rays. Eight and a-half miles of coast brought us to Hornberg, a pretty little town on the Black Forest Railroad, noted for the odd costumes of the peasants. We kept on down to the base of the mountains, until after crossing a level plain by an awfully muddy road we reached Offenburg.

At Offenburg there is a statue erected to the memory of Sir Francis Drake, who first introduced the potato into Europe in 1586, and as I looked at it I thought how much more appropriate it was to build a monument to his memory than to erect statues to men who had spent their lives putting others off, I should say, under the earth.

We reached Strassburg, our stop for that day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, having wheeled fifty-three miles, and after dinner started to see the sights of this famous old town. We went through the old streets, crossed the pontoon bridge, and saw all the attractions of the place. The roofs of many of the houses have a dangerously steep pitch and are filled with the most ridiculous little windows, quite a new style of archi-

ture to us. There is in the Public Square a statue to Guttenberg, and as I stood at the base of that statue I saw the famous storks of Strassburg. These birds build immense nests upon the chimneys of the houses, and the legend told the children in the town is that the storks bring all the babies.

The next morning was spent in going to the palace of the king, a small but magnificent edifice, where the Kaiser spends a few weeks of each year. The exterior was of granite, while the interior was frescoed handsomely, and furnished the best of any we had visited. The floors are all highly polished, and before anyone is allowed to step on them, he is given great felt shoes, with which to slide from room to room.

Leaving the palace we came to the celebrated cathedral of Strassburg, and at twelve o'clock we were all standing in front of the clock, waiting to see it work. The clock is twenty-five or thirty feet in height. In the front is a clock face and an orrery. A tower at the side contains images, and on the top is a rooster. At twelve o'clock a little angel above the face turns a glass, while another strikes the twelve strokes on a gong. Above the seasons, childhood, youth, manhood and old age pass before Death, while still higher up the twelve apostles came out and bowed to a figure of the Saviour. The cock crowed three times, flapped his wings, raised his head, and it was all over. I must

confess I was somewhat disappointed in the Strassburg clock, for I had expected something more wonderful, but this operation occupied so small a space of time and seemed to be so machine-like, and I had expected so much, that as I say, I was disappointed.

We left Strassburg that afternoon over a level road, making another one of the many such rides we had on the trip. On our right rose the Black Mountains, at a distance perhaps of ten miles, and all the afternoon we had their low summits in view. The "Blue Alsatian Mountains" on the left, were gradually lost to sight in the distance. On and on we rode over a level plain, keeping well together; at one time through a beautiful wood along a rushing stream, and then out into the open country again, and reached Baden-Baden, nestled among the hills, about half-past five in the afternoon.

Baden Baden is the most famous watering place in Europe, if not in all the world, and is a very beautiful town. After dinner we all went to its celebrated "Conversation House," near by, formerly one of the greatest gambling hells in Europe, but now, where once the noise of the dice-box and the rake of the *croupier* was heard, all is quiet; it contains a very large and handsome room, utilized for concerts in rainy weather and for balls. Beautiful grounds and lawns surround the Conversation House, and here the fashionable world at Baden Baden congregates to gossip and listen to the music of the

fine orchestra. On our arrival in front of the band stand, the band played American airs in our honor.

Next morning we visited the "Trinkhalle" and the celebrated "Friedrichsbad." In the Trinkhalle we got a drink of the renowned hot springs water; at the latter place we had a bath somewhat after the fashion of the Turkish bath, in water almost at a boiling point, coming directly out of the earth into large marble basins, around which a magnificent building is constructed. After our bath and breakfast, fourteen of us started from Baden Baden for Ober-Ammergau, via Munich, to see the Passion Play, and left Tommy Brinsmade, Hard, Pelton and Lucas to look after a party of American girls, whom they had met the night previous.

A long day's ride by rail brought us to Munich late in the afternoon, and we had but little time to see the Bavarian capital. During the day we had passed through Karlsruhe, Stuttgart and Ulm, crossing the Neckar and running along the swift-flowing Danube for some distance. "Twenty-one" was in great favor that day among many of us. At Ulm, the eating station, we were photographed in the act of putting away our dinners. There was a three day's bicycle meet of the *Deutsches Radfahrer Bund*, (corresponding to our League of American Wheelmen,) in progress at Munich, and we were met at the depot by a committee

from the clubs, who extended us the hospitality of the town, and an invitation to their races and festivities. We were obliged to decline their kindness however, as we were anxious to get to Ober-Ammergau. We stopped over night at the Englischer Hof, and were up early in the morning to resume our journey. Part of the evening at Munich was spent at the "Hof Brauerei," where we got the best beer in Europe. This brewery is under Government control, and all beer made there must be up to a certain standard. In this large vaulted room on entering, if you take your beer mug (which holds over a quart) off the shelf and wash it yourself, it is filled for you for about four cents; if one of the young lady assistants fills it for you, you pay six cents, and she sits at the table and drinks out of your mug. In the Hof Brauerei the *Stein Club* was formed with the following officers: President, E. Floyd Jones; Vice-President, C. R. Hobbs; Secretary, Charley Atwood; High Private, Charley Tyler. The requisite for membership to the Stein Club, was that the applicant should be able to drink a large mug of Munich beer without removing the mug from his lips, but ours being a temperance crowd, the Stein Club was compelled to confine its membership to the original four, with possibly one or two additions, but not more. Three carriages were then hired, and we drove around the city in the bright moonlight, seeing the





noted picture galleries and parks and crossing the Iser "rolling rapidly."

We left Friday morning for Ober-Ammergau and arrived at the village of Oberau, some forty miles from Munich, about mid-day. The heavy train was filled with people, mostly, we thought, English and American tourists.

Nearly all the party started to walk to Ober-Ammergau, up in the mountains, six miles away from the station, but Mr. Robson and the writer procured a carriage. What was our surprise to find on our arrival, the boys all quartered in lodgings, they having walked up a shorter way, and arrived there ahead of the crowd, though for the last quarter of a mile they had to run to get to the Burgomeister's house among the first and secure rooms. Ober-Ammergau presents from the road as you approach it, an ideal picture of an ideal village, and the play which we saw on the following Sunday, was really one of the most wonderful sights we met with in Europe. Harry Higgins and the writer were lodged in a stable, where a room had been temporarily made, but the rest of the crowd lived in a house kept by "Adam," and the "Angel Gabriel" of the play, his son, was their constant attendant.

After dinner we sallied out to see the town, at one end of whose winding Hauptstrasse is situated the church, while at the other end the theatre has been

erected. Curious houses of stone lined the streets, many of them having large, brightly colored allegorical and biblical paintings on the white plaster walls, forming a most interesting study. Of these paintings it has been most appropriately said, that it seemed as though a wandering wave from the mighty sea of the Renaissance, had strayed into this lonely mountain valley and left a lasting memorial there.

We were much interested in the inhabitants, who are pleasant, sensible looking people. Many of the men wear their hair long down on their shoulders, for the purpose of making up correctly for their characters in the play. Now and then we would see a chamois jäger or hunter, with his leather breeches, bare knees, green knit leggins and little hat surmounted by an eagle's feather, and again, a priest would pass in his long, black clerical gown and broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, while over all towered the Kofel, with its sharp peak surmounted by a huge cross glittering in the sun.

While sitting at breakfast on Sunday morning, under the eaves of our lodgings, a friend, an Irish gentleman, from my own city, came along on his way from church, soaking wet with the rain. Seeing us he saluted me with "I've been walking round this town for an hour, and I can't find the —— hotel." We showed him where he lived at once. His perplexity

was caused by the fact that the houses are numbered in the order of their building, and No. 63 may be a quarter of a mile from No. 64, at the other end of the village.

August 2nd several of the party visited "Linderhof," the palace of the late mad King Louis of Bavaria, about eight miles from Ober-Ammergau, and came back enthusiastic in its praises, saying that it was the most handsomely decorated and furnished they had seen on the trip. The writer had the pleasure of meeting Joseph Maier, who this year for the third time took the part of the Saviour, and felt in his presence that this was a man fully capable of expressing the sweet simplicity of character, which we are taught to believe was possessed by Christ on earth. Some of us also during the day had the honor of an introduction to Miss Rosa Lang, who portrays the Virgin Mary, and found her a remarkably intelligent young lady, of a kind, sweet and gentle disposition, apparently quite talented and thoroughly enthused with her part. From my knowledge, gathered during our two and a-half day's visit in the village, I thought how well was the selection made for this character, and how happy indeed were they in having a Rosa Lang to represent the noblest example of womanhood that history furnishes.

Sunday morning at six o'clock, we were roused by

the booming of cannon, and soon afterward the village band paraded through the streets, escorted by the six or eight firemen of the town, in odd uniforms. By eight o'clock we were seated in the large wooden structure, which serves as a theatre, and for eight hours and a-half we sat with all attention, witnessing one of the most remarkable performances I had ever seen, the story of the life of the Saviour, the story that has transformed the world.

We had excellent seats, our part of the theatre being the roofed over part. The front portion, as well as most of the stage is open to the sky, so, as it rained at intervals most of the day, all the actors and the great majority of the spectators got soaking wet. But the play went on just the same, and no one left his seat—with such rapt attention was the progress of the drama watched. Each act was preceded by a tableau from the Old Testament, which typified the events to take place under the New Dispensation, and such tableaux none of us had ever seen. Hundreds of people, men, women and the smallest children were grouped most artistically, and remained still as statues, while a chorus of singers, attired in brilliant robes advanced to the front of the stage and sang verses explaining the connection between the tableau and the act following. The first act represented the entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem, followed by his driving the traders

out of the Temple, and like all the rest of the play, was wonderfully acted. Of course, the central characters were Jesus and the Virgin Mary, but the parts of St. John, Pilate, Caiaphas and Judas, the latter especially, were exceptionally well rendered. The scenes when the multitudes, numbering hundreds of people, came on the stage were wonderful. Most affecting was the Crucifixion, where Maier hung on the cross fully twenty minutes. There were few dry eyes in that great audience of five thousand persons, who had followed the life of Christ from his entry into Jerusalem, the uncrowned King of Kings, until He was raised on the cross before us all. Not less touching was the Descent from the Cross. Then followed the Resurrection and His triumphant Ascension. It is not my purpose in this little book to give a complete history of the Play. — It must be seen to be appreciated,—but I can truly say that I echo the feelings of the entire party when I repeat that. At half-part five when we left the building, the feeling of us all was that we had seen the story of the scripture, portrayed in real life, and felt how much better the world would be, if all could see, as we had, the Passion Play, at Ober-Ammergau. Immediately after the performance was over we returned to Oberau, where we took the train for Munich, spending the night there.

The next morning we left for Baden Baden, where



castle is a most wonderful old ruin, built of stone, in different styles of architecture, which makes it a very interesting structure. We went through the different portions of it, wondering at its massive walls and battlements, and looking with interest at the *Gesprengte Thurm*, or blown-up tower, half of which when blown up by the French in 1689, on their evacuation of the castle, fell in an unbroken mass into the moat below, where it still lies. The walls of this tower are twenty-one feet thick. We finally descended into the cellar and saw The Great Tun, nearly twenty-five feet high, which, when full, is said to hold fifty thousand gallons of wine.

There is a clock nearby, and when a string is pulled, the whole front opens and a fox-tail flies out, striking whoever pulls the string, in the face. Jones was the boy to pull the string, and Jones was the one who got the fox-tail!

Some of us decided to train it to Frankfort-on-the-Main, as it was raining again next morning, but others attempted it on their wheels. After riding some seventeen miles to Darmstadt, the writer also trained it the rest of the way, arriving at Frankfort about two o'clock in the afternoon. This was the prettiest town we had seen in Germany. It seems more modern looking than most of the German cities, and its shops are very fine. We were getting near that portion of

our trip however, where we Americans had the experience and the other fellows had the money, so our purchases were light here. In the evening we visited the "Palm Garten," where we heard a splendid orchestra, and went through a maze of palms and foliage in its conservatory, a most beautiful sight.

In all the towns in Germany we visited, we found a large orchestra, that gave concerts in the afternoon and evening, similar to the Strauss Orchestra, which we have had in this country recently. The music to us seemed just as good at half a mark (twelve cents) admission, as it would in America at one dollar and a-half. Next day we saw the ancient part of the town where is situated the house in which Goethe lived, a large, well-preserved structure. The Roemer, nearby, is the most curious collection of old buildings with paintings on the outside. In it we saw the *Kaisersall*, where the new Emperor dined with the Electors and showed himself to the people in the square below.

The handsomely decorated cathedral, not far away, dates from the thirteenth century. We passed the house where the Rothschilds first started business, in the *Judengasse*. In this narrow street all Jews used to be locked up at night, even as late as 1806. We saw Danneker's Statue of Ariadne and the Panther, one of the most beautiful sculptures in Europe, in the house built to receive it. The guide turned it on its ped-

estal and threw colored lights on it, which increased its loveliness. That evening we saw the "Mikado" in German at the Grand Opera House. It was very funny. They had an excellent Ko-Ko, and those of us who could understand a little of the language enjoyed it hugely. It seemed very strange to go to the opera at 6.30 P. M., while the sun was still shining, but such is the custom in Frankfort, and in fact in all German cities. After the main production is over they often give a supplementary farce or operetta. This Opera House is very handsome, and said to be only second to the Grand Opera House at Paris.

A noticeable fact we observed in European theatres and one which we would do well to follow here, is that the ladies are all bareheaded, hats and bonnets being deposited in a cloak room; in fact we were witnesses to a party of American ladies being invited out by the usher to doff their bonnets. What a boon this custom would prove in America!

The morning of August 9th, we left Frankfort for a twenty mile ride through a pretty, rolling country to Wiesbaden, where we took dinner. The roads part of the way were rather muddy, but we made the distance in a couple of hours. We visited the Kursall, or concert garden, a beautiful building, with handsomely laid out gardens and fountains in front. We went to the springs too, and drank some of the boiling hot water,

which tasted like weak chicken broth, with a good deal of salt in it. Here I saw a young lady whose face was familiar to me. Hard was quite struck with her, and wanted to stay there instead of going on that afternoon. It was all we could do to get him away from her. We finally did and left for Mayence, over a six mile road, which was very rough, arriving there about four o'clock.

Sunday was spent at Mayence, where we saw the house that Guttenberg was born in, and the building where he had his first printing office. Here we drove through extensive fortifications, seeing the old Roman tower, said to have been erected to Drusus, in 9 B. C., by the Roman legions. In the morning, Harry Higgins, Tommy, Dud and Black visited the wine cellar. At dinner we celebrated Quinn's birthday, and the baron fairly outdid himself; his stories that day were masterpieces. This boy should have been a contemporary to Dean Swift. If all the nineteen remaining members of the party were asked as to Jimmy's capacity for invention, they would agree with me, that he could give the old Dean points.

In the evening we went across the street from our hotel to the Stadthalle, a large building, where we drank light German beer and listened to a lovely concert. We left Mayence about nine o'clock Monday morning, crossed the river and kept along its right

bank all the way to Rudesheim. The villages we passed through were very long, in one a ride of nearly a mile, over as bad *pave* as we had seen on the trip, was necessary. Near a villa belonging to Prince Albert of Prussia, we were very much interested in watching a large number of soldiers removing a pontoon bridge. Everything was done so swiftly and with such precision, that even in the few minutes we stopped there, almost half the work was accomplished.

To our left as we rode along rose the *Johannisberg*, where the celebrated wine of that name is made. At Rudesheim a ferry boat took us across to Bingen. A beautiful vine-clad terraced hill behind Rudesheim, the Niederwald, is surmounted by the famous German National Monument, and after our dinner at the hotel we started to visit it. Taking a small boat we swiftly drifted down the river, which here narrows very much, as the hills rise abruptly on either side, passing the well known Mouse Tower, in the middle of the stream, where the rats devoured Bishop Hatto. It is now used for signaling the little Rhine steamers. On the hill to the right was the old castle of Ehrenfels, a very picturesque ruin. We landed at Assmanshausen and took the *Zahnradbahn*, as they call it, to the summit of the Niederwald. A walk of ten minutes through a beautiful forest brought us to the National Monument, a splendid memorial erected to commemorate the victory

of the German arms in 1870 and 1871. The central figure of Germania is of bronze, and thirty-three feet in height. Below, to the right and left, are large bronze statues of Peace and War, while beautifully executed bas-reliefs adorn the pedestal, on which is engraven the words of "*Die Wacht am Rhein*." After admiring it, and the lovely Rheingau stretched out at our feet, with the river flowing through its midst, we took another cog-wheel railway, which landed us at Rudesheim, in a rain storm. We returned to Bingen well pleased with our afternoon's excursion.

It is astonishing how the lines of Mrs. Norton's celebrated poem run through the mind when one gets to Bingen. It haunted me so much that I made my first attempt at poetry, which I read to the boys, and which I give here—altered just a little :

We're a party of eighteen wheelmen seeing Europe's sights so grand,
And have travelled on our bicycles through France's sunny land.
We have climbed the heights of Switzerland, gazed on scenery so fine,
And to-day we've come to Bingen; to Bingen on the Rhine.
We had read of it in story; it had filled our eyes with tears,
As we read about that soldier who lay dying at Algiers.
We thought his home must be charming, its surroundings must be fine,
And so we've come to Bingen; to Bingen on the Rhine.

We arrived there about mid-day, to dinner first we went;
A long hard ride of twenty miles, good appetites had lent.
Some kickers cursed the dinner; Paiste said it was sublime,
For he had brought his appetite to Bingen on the Rhine.
Adonis didn't agree with him; he said it "wa'n't fine,"
For they had no "poley" at dinner, at Bingen on the Rhine.
We journeyed out this afternoon to see what we could see,
We tried to hunt that "Father's sword" so famed in history,
Its fate has been a hard one, that father's sword divine,
For it cuts cheese in a beer shop now at Bingen on the Rhine.

It was pretty tough on Tommy; it was hard on Black and Dud,
They had sampled wine at Mayence and had dropped down with a thud.
But they've joined the Blue Ribbon crowd now; they've sworn off drinking
And they ordered milk for dinner at Bingen on the Rhine. [wine,
And Jones, he kicked at dinner, and loud his voice it rang;
By common consent of all he is the kicker of the gang.
He kicks about the bedrooms, *always* about his wine,
And as usual kicked at Bingen: at Bingen on the Rhine.

And Quinn and Hard, our ladies' men, met girls in every town,
Where e're there is a pretty girl, they're sure to be around.
When I saw them this morning they were in an unhappy frame of mind,
They had met no damsels fair all day, at Bingen on the Rhine.
The base ball bat was lost long since; no more games can we play;
The East has always "done" the West in a mean and fearful way.
Now alas for Papa Robson, as an umpire he was fine,
'Tis sad; he can't umpire a game, at Bingen on the Rhine.

I wrote all this doggerel just now on waking from a dream,
A dream that did inspire me to write things as they seem,
But more wonderful than all I wrote, was what it was about,
And I think you will agree with me when you have heard me out.
I dreamed that I saw Morris, as I went through the land;
I dreamed I saw him coming with his camera in his hand.
Great heavens! what fierce shock is that, a chill goes up my spine—
For he aimed and shot that camera, at Bingen on the Rhine!
Yes, he actually took a photograph, at Bingen on the Rhine.

Our ride the following day was along the castled river, for ages celebrated in legend and song. Each crag, each bend in the stream, has some story of the olden time connected with it. We longed for more opportunity to explore all these interesting old ruins and romantic nooks.

Not far below Bingen we decided to visit the old castle Rheinstein, of late years restored to nearly its original condition, and were well repaid for the steep climb up the frowning rock, on which this ancient stronghold is situated. We crossed a drawbridge,

passed under a portcullis, and were admitted on payment of a small fee; a pretty German girl acting as our guide. First we visited the quaint little chapel, built on the very edge of the precipice, in a beautiful flower garden, then were taken up into a round tower, whose winding steps on the outside caused some of our party to shudder. We could look straight down into the Rhine, two hundred and seventy-five feet below, and follow its course till lost in its windings among the hills. The iron basket in which signal fires were kindled of old, still hangs out from this tower.

Descending, we entered the lofty baronial hall, whose walls are covered with ancient weapons, which one could spend hours in examining. Many treasures of china and glass were there also. The boys were delighted with some old *steins*, but alas! there was nothing in them. The upper rooms, with their little loopholes and odd towers, were also furnished with many historical articles. We descended the rugged path and regaining our wheels, continued our journey over a good road. Many boats passed us towed against the swift current by the curious steamers, whose large wheels, over which the chain from the bottom of the river runs, drew our attention. Every mile or so we saw old ruins of interest. At Bacharach are some fine ones and odd, half-timbered houses. Several miles below, at Caub, there is a ledge of rock in the middle

of the river, on which is built a curious hexagonal structure, the *Pfalz*, with most peculiar corners, turrets and loopholes. This was once the residence of an old robber baron, who levied toll on all commerce passing up and down the stream. Here too, Blucher made his famous passage of the river in 1814. The next point of interest to us was the "Lurlei," made so famous by Heine's beautiful poem. This large mass of rock juts out into the river at its deepest and narrowest point. There is a fine echo here. The two railways, one on either bank, rather spoil the beauty of the scene here, as at other places, with their rock cuttings and embankments.

A half dozen of the boys,—the rear guard,—got rather hungry by the time St. Goar, the next village, was reached, so had dinner at a *Wirthshaus*, and a fine one it was, washed down with Rhein wine. Near here are two castles, one named the Cat, the other the Mouse. The former was erected in 1393, by the Count of Katzenelnbogen, whence its name.

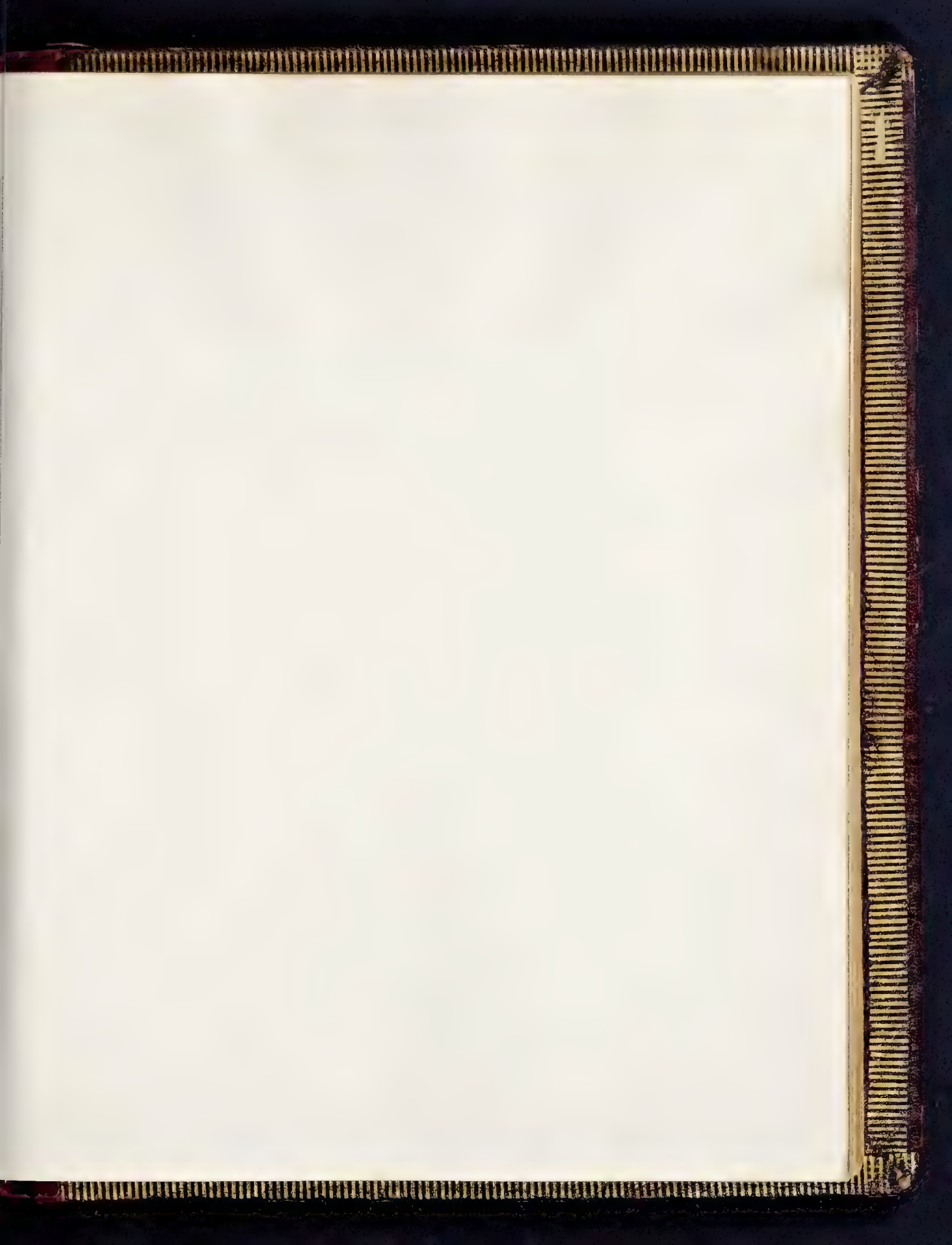
At Boppard, an old colony of the Celts, the Rhine makes a tremendous bend, and the valley broadens out. It was somewhere along here, I think, that Hobbs had his race with a train—a *bummelzug* or "accommodation." Charlie put on a terrific spurt and had gotten almost even with the locomotive, when the engineer happened to see him, and calling out "*Das*

geht nicht!" pulled his throttle wide open and was quickly out of sight around a curve.

Loitering along, we soon saw above us, three hundred and fifty feet higher than the river, the magnificent castle of *Stolzenfels*, now the property of the Emperor of Germany. It is very old, dating from the thirteenth century, and like all the others, has its thrilling history of war, rapine and ruin. In a little town beyond here some of us visited a brewery, where huge cauldrons were steaming with the favorite beverage. We were shown the different processes of manufacture, which were very interesting. Soon thereafter we were pedalling into the old city of Coblenz, where we put up for the night at the Hotel Bellevue, some of us having pretty poor quarters, up under the roof.

Opposite here lies the great fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of the Rhine; it is on the top of a cliff, four hundred feet above the river, and commands its course up and down a long way.

August 13th we took the boat at nine o'clock for Cologne. Hobbs insisted on riding on his wheel, it being almost the last chance he would have on the trip, and when he reported in the evening at Cologne, and told us how he had enjoyed it, it really made the boys wish they had gone that way. Down stream we went passing castles and ruins, and the numerous little towns that line the Rhine. Many of these are con-





nected by the so-called flying bridges. They consist of a large flat-boat, from which wires are stretched to a smaller boat. This has a cable running on a rope, which crosses the river near the bottom. The bow of the large boat is pointed up stream, and the current acting on the stern drives the craft along. Many vineyards line the shores, but the best wine is grown further south. At Remagen, a little town, the Apollinaris Spring is situated, some distance back from the river. From there seven hundred and fifty thousand bottles of water are sent to America every month.

In the distance we could now begin to see the Seven Mountains, which were very beautiful in the afternoon light, the most prominent being the Drachenfels, surmounted by its Castle. It was one of the loveliest pictures we had seen on the Rhine.

Passing there we were soon out of the mountain region. Below Bonn there is not much of interest, but for miles looking back we could see the beautiful *Siegebirge*, even from Cologne. On the boat our exuberant spirits could not be quelled, we wrestled, sparred and cuddled until the captain of the boat threatened to put us in the hold, informing us that we were in Germany now and could be governed. They seem to think over there that freedom in America means resistance to all government. About two o'clock we reached Cologne, and were quartered at the Hotel Disch.

Cologne is famous alike for its cathedral and its smells. The first is the largest and handsomest we saw in all Europe, and as we climbed to the roof, we thought what a pity it is that the architect from whose brain emanated the plan of this gigantic structure, is not known. The smells did not bother the writer, he not being possessed of a "smeller," but he is frank enough to say, in justice to the town, he heard no complaint of bad odors from any member of the party.

Next morning we visited the Church of St. Ursula, where are the bones of eleven thousand virgins, who were massacred by the Huns on this spot during the Crusades. In the treasury chamber numerous bones are arranged in artistic designs. Some of the remains of St. Ursula are in a glass case; among other relics to be seen here are pieces of the true cross and some thorns of the crown. Most of us saw the city by taking a carriage drive. There are about a dozen shops here which manufacture Eau de Cologne, and each firm claims to be the original establishment. We all invested in some to bring home. During the day we went to a magnificent natatorium, in the new portion of the city and had a fine swim.

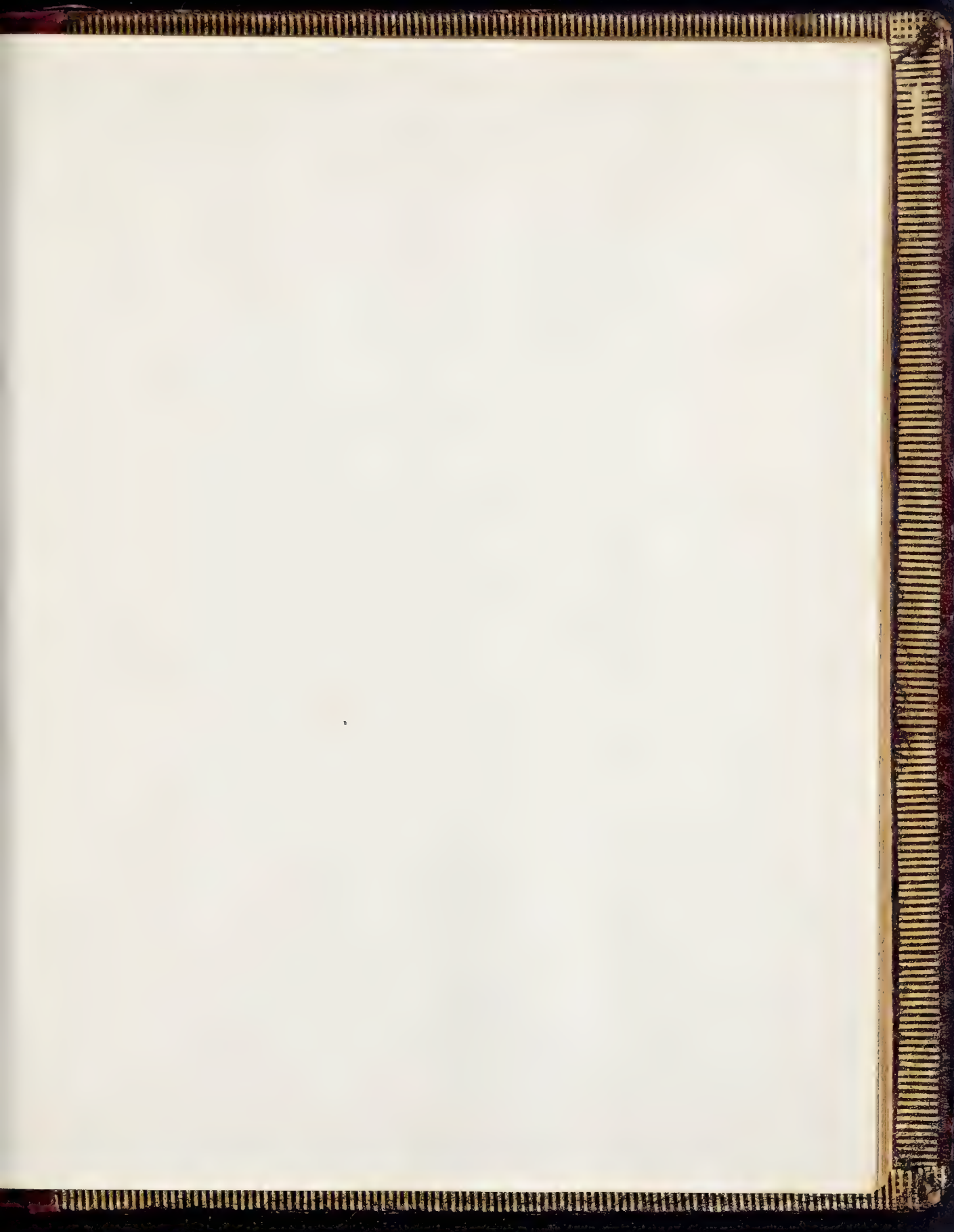
Leaving Cologne early next day, most of us rode to Düsseldorf on our wheels, a distance of twenty-six miles, getting there about noon. On the way our photographers, as usual, took many pictures of the fel-

lows, and interesting wayside scenes. The rear division, arriving at Düsseldorf, were much perplexed where to go, as they had not been told the name of the hotel, and no one they met could inform them which street their comrades had taken. Morris unstrapped his bundle in the entrance to a coal yard, to get at his guide book. While examining it, all were startled by a shout from Paiste, and looking out in the street, a dog wagon was discovered bearing down on him under a full head of steam. His presence of mind however enabled him to take a picture of the brute at short range, before getting out of his way. The rest of the party were soon after found at the *Breidenbacher Hof*, a good hotel.

Düsseldorf is a very attractive town, on the Rhine, with a large and beautiful park. It is a great military station. We saw numbers of troops, marching through the streets under most perfect discipline. Some of us visited the art gallery in the afternoon, and rode around town on our wheels. Paiste and Morris had been assigned a very large room on the second floor of the hotel, while all the rest of us were lodged in the attic. So after dinner we visited them in this big parlor, for it was nothing else. In one corner stood a large cabinet, containing a writing desk and some *bric a brac*, which had not been removed before we came. Large luxurious sofas and chairs stood

around, and the beds were fine. But they did not look very attractive by the time the "smoker" was over, for they had to be entirely made up again before they could be used. Upstairs the fellows' rooms were all communicating and no one got to sleep until far into the night!

The next day we trained it to Rotterdam, leaving Germany for Holland, the land of dikes and ditches. While so close to Germany, it is very different in its manners and customs, and from what we could learn, in its government. While it is a kingdom, the people seem to have more power and liberty than in Germany. The language is barbarous, and even our German scholars could make nothing of it. Sunday was spent in visiting The Hague, the residence of the royal family, passing through Delft, famous for its potteries, on the way. After a drive through the streets, we went to the Queen's "Palace in the Wood," some distance from the town. In one of the richly decorated rooms our attention was especially attracted to what we supposed was a piece of statuary in a niche in the wall; when we approached it, however, imagine our surprise to find it a painting. Returning to The Hague we reached Rotterdam after a sixteen mile ride over a brick road, built with the bricks laid on end, and along a tow-path, in time for dinner at five-thirty, P. M., the usual hour here.





On Monday evening we left Rotterdam to cross to England, having spent the day wandering around the narrow streets and along the canals which run through the city in every direction. With fear and trembling we entered a little bit of a steamboat, that seemed as though it could not live long in the kind of rough water that we anticipated crossing the North Sea. We were prepared for this however, and some of the boys slept with basins under their heads, but I am happy to write that not one of them suffered sea-sickness, we seemed to be such a tough lot.

We awoke early in the morning of August 19th, ready to step on English soil, and here at Harwich, for the first time in three months we heard our mother tongue spoken freely. After some little delay at the custom house, we were soon on our way to London, which after a long ride in the rain—the English weather we had been reading of—we reached about nine o'clock in the morning. Mounting our wheels we plugged along over its wooden pavements, in a nasty drizzle of rain, slipping and sliding, some of us falling off our wheels, others having the most narrow escapes, and all of us wishing it was over. We arrived at our hotel, about ten o'clock, hungry, tired and thoroughly worn out, and for the first time since leaving Paris, the majority of us were able to put on long trousers.

As the trip ended that day, I shall not attempt to

put in this book what we saw in London, except to say that our time there was spent visiting Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the British Museum, the Tower, in fact all the wonders of that great city, but content myself with giving some little description of the banquet on the evening of our breaking up, the occasion of Harry Higgins' birthday, at the Holborn Restaurant, one of the grandest eating houses in the world. We assembled there about seven o'clock, and as I have said before, our feelings can only be described by saying we were happy over the occasion, but sad over the breaking up, and severing of the pleasant relations which had existed among us for the past three months. The evening passed rapidly and after dinner the speeches of parting were about to commence. Harry Higgins had procured a cane of peculiar workmanship on the Continent somewhere, which he valued very much, but lost it in Rotterdam. It had been found by one of the boys, and sent to London unknown to Harry. We arranged to give him some little recognition of his many kindnesses, and as a token of our feelings for him, the members of the party procured a gold-headed cane as a little souvenir of remembrance. It fell to the writer's lot to present Harry with his lost cane, and it was done with all the pathos that I could command. The boys were all in the joke, however, and my efforts were wasted

on them. I attempted to refer to the many happy moments of the trip and plunged for the second time in my life into the regions of the poetic muse, as follows :

WE ARE BREAKING UP TO-NIGHT.

Our trip has been a charming one ;
We Americans eighteen,
As we've journeyed through these foreign land,
Their wondrous sights have seen :
But there comes a tinge of sadness
O'er me as these lines I write,
And its cause is plain to all of us,
We are breaking up to-night.

We left New York as strangers,
We arrived in France, sworn friends ;
Never thinking for a moment then
That all things have their ends.
We left the coast together,
With prospects, oh ! so bright ;
And never a thought of the end to come,
Of the breaking up to-night.

We have climbed the hills together,
We have coasted down the vale,
We have plugged along for miles and miles,
And e'en at times by rail,
But all this now is at an end,
And to me it don't seem right ;
For I can't quite realize at once,
That we're breaking up to-night.

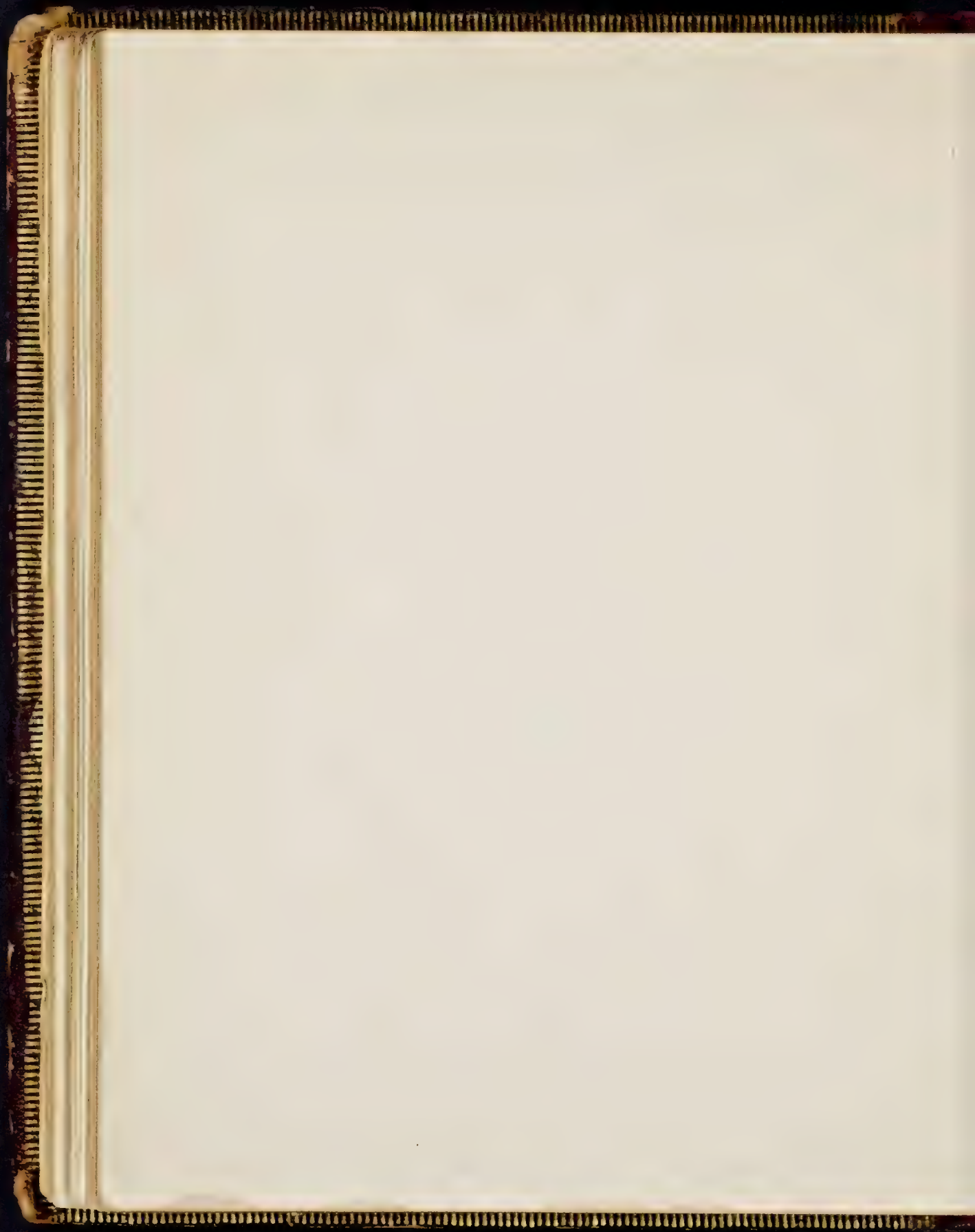
Two of us great misfortune met ;
Were called across the sea,
Could not continue on with us,
And in our party be ;
Though they are not with us in the flesh
Their spirits are here all bright,
And they are remembered pleasantly,
At the breaking up to-night.

No more scorching in for dinner,
No more coasting down the hills,
No more pulling through the mud and rain,
No more "cognac" in the bills ;
No more borrowing from the management,
Without giving him a sight
For his money until London ;
For we are breaking up to-night.

No more "Poley" for Adonis,
No more "Jerusalem" from Quinn,
No more roasting for poor Tommy,
Nor bad poetry from Jim ;
No more aiming of Morris' camera
At each object in his sight ;
No more girls for Hard to get "mashed" on ;
We are breaking up to-night.

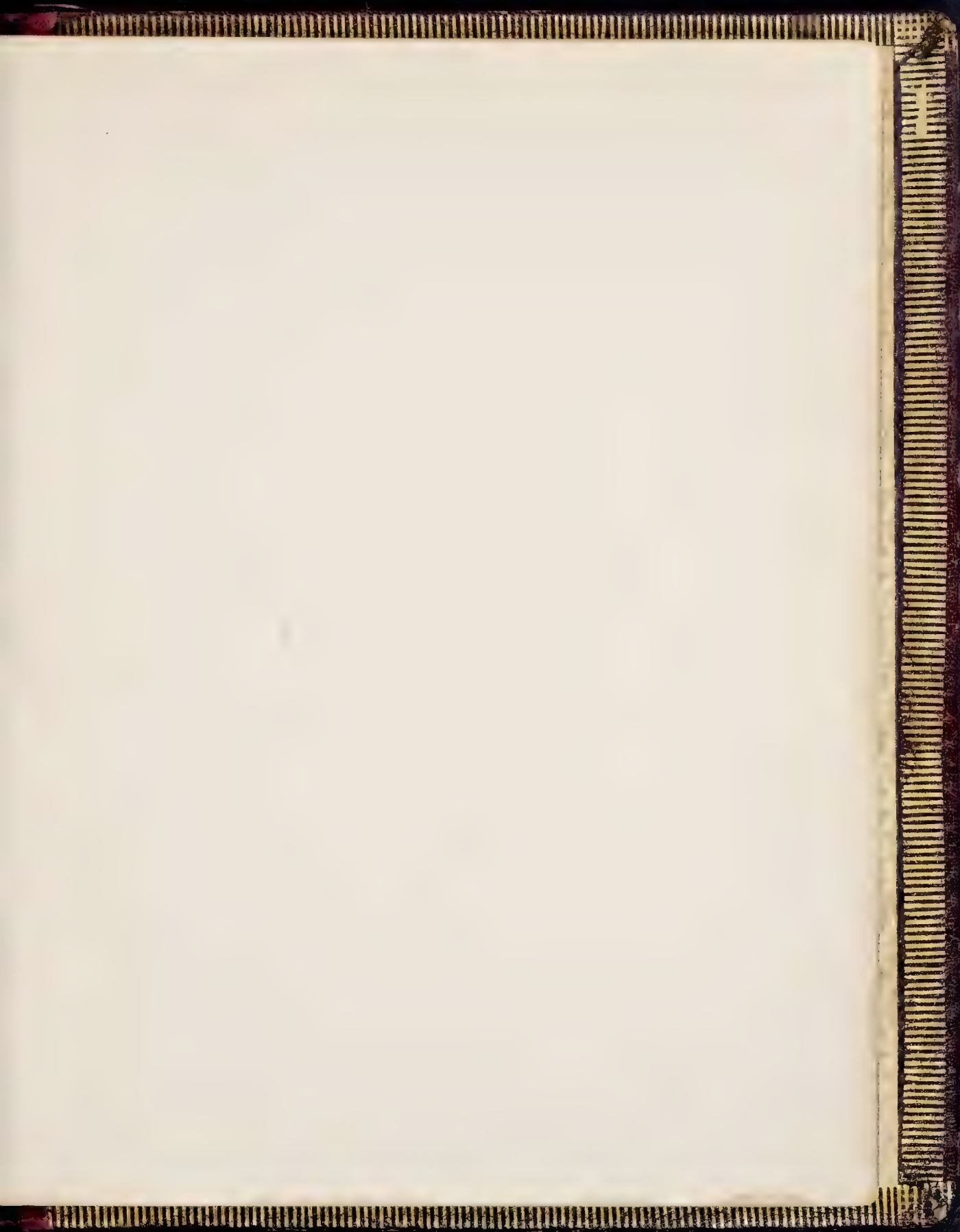
Let's hope the friendships strongly linked
Amongst us will ever be
As pleasant as they've always been
From our start across the sea ;
And though we ne'er may meet again
On God's footstool, in life's fight,
We'll all meet in a better land,
Where there's no breaking up at night.

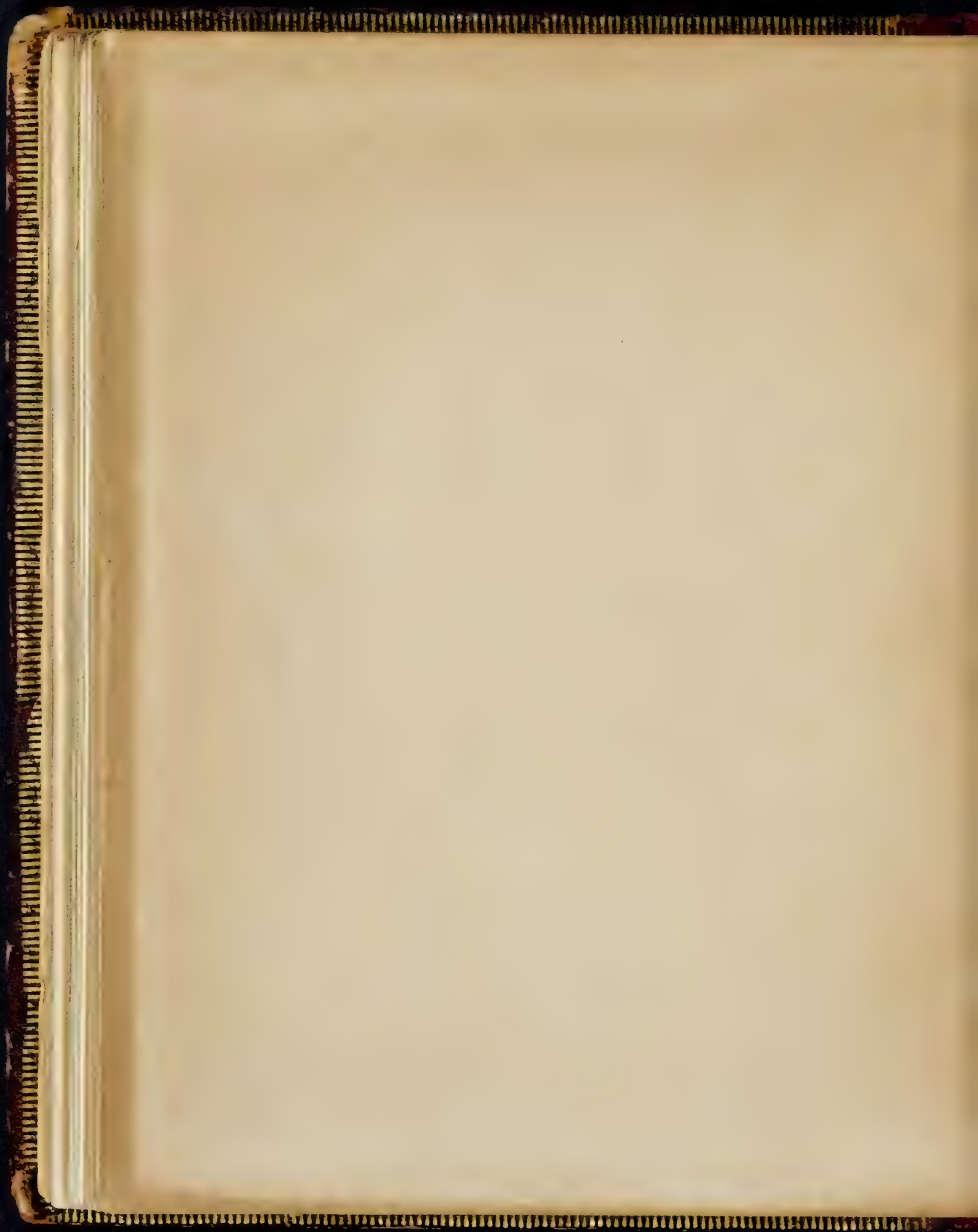
We all could see tears of joy in Harry's eyes, and his feelings can only be imagined when his old friend, his cane, was handed him. Just while he was in a state of excitement, Mr. Robson arose, and with a few well chosen remarks, handed him the other stick as a slight memento from us, and the feeling which the writer had started, was made more real in the hearts of the entire party as Harry was given his new cane. In a few feeling remarks, he referred to his happiness and the appreciation that he felt in receiving the canes, and told us among other complimentary things that this had been the most pleasant and agreeable party he had ever been connected with. In fact he paid us all manner of compliments and thanks. After speeches from all the boys, we said our farewells and broke up, and the Elwell American Bicycle party of 1890, the happiest and most congenial crowd of wheelmen that ever travelled together, existed only in remembrance.













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